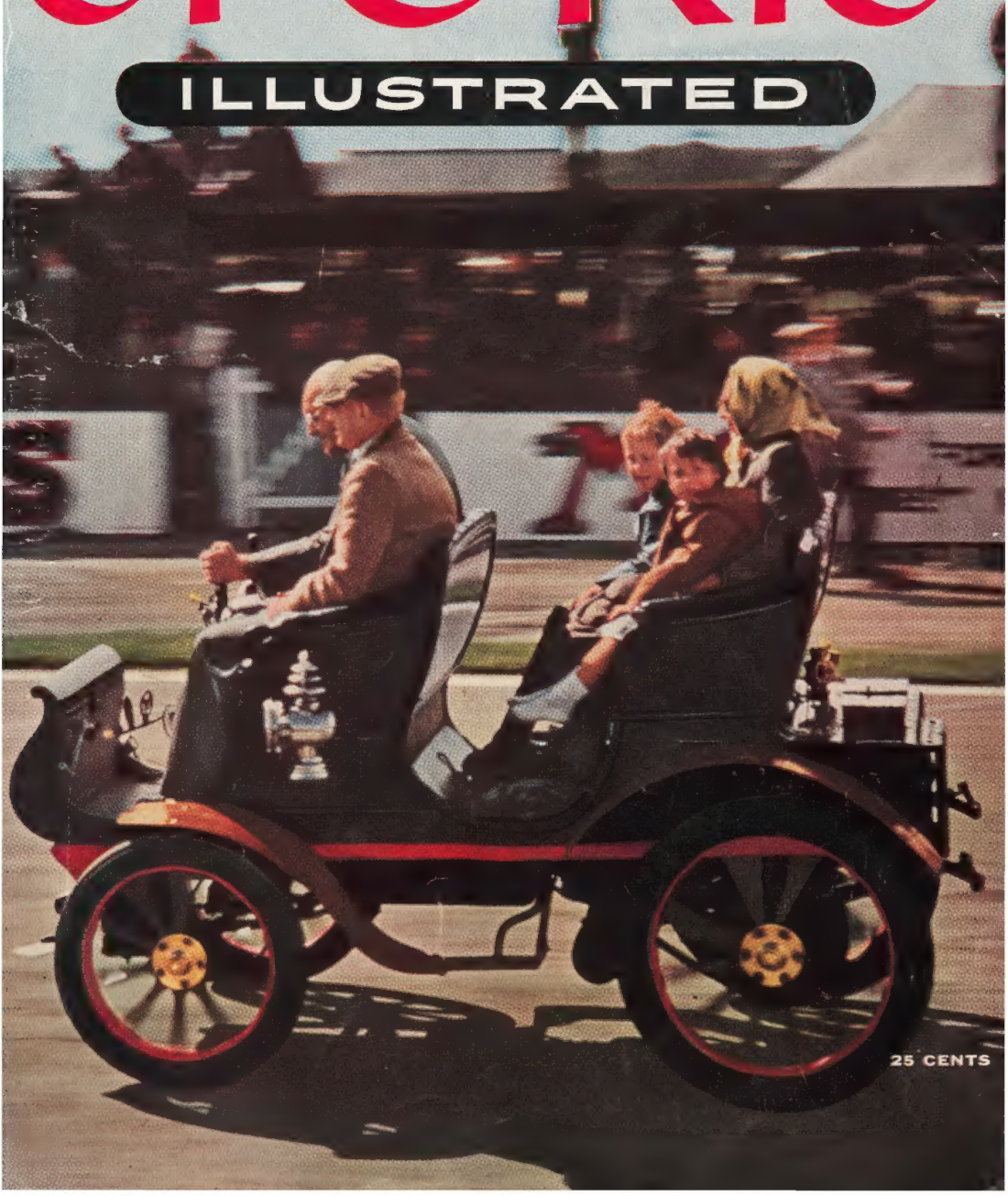
WEEKLY NOVEMBER 29, 1954

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN this country, 1954's active season of dirt and concrete, closed ovals and open roads, peeling treads and fading brakes has ended for almost all the racing drivers and the growing hosts of people who watch them.

But not for John Bentley, SI's reporter on motor sports, a man as firmly attached to the whole roaring subject of automobiles as he often is to the steering wheels of the many cars he drives.

A couple of Saturdays ago, not at all ready to retire to the winter warmth of garages and showrooms, Bentley was off on a special assignment for SI. He was heading for Tuxtla Gutierrez near the Guatemalan border and the start of the *Carrera Pan-Americana Mexico*, the great Pan-American road race, the Kentucky Derby of such races in this hemisphere and comparable to Europe's famed *Mille Miglia*.

Although not entered in this grueling, five-day test, the longest regularly scheduled race in the world, Bentley had strong hopes for playing hare to the approximately 150 thundering hounds which start the race. Using generous head starts and driving straight through many hours while the contestants slept, Bentley planned to keep one jump ahead of the field all the way north—given the good fortune to avoid the hazards which can beset a driver on the 1,900-mile course before it ends at Ciudad Juarez. His car: a 1954 Ford. His crew: Mrs. Bentley, his pit manager when he races and a racer in her own right; James McGee, his mechanic and one of America's outstanding car doctors; and Juan Guzman, Mexico City photographer.

Reporter Bentley wanted the chance to study the twists and turns of the challenging road and hoped to arrive at each stage of the race in time to talk with the drivers coming in, with many of whom he has a personal acquaintance. In this highly international profession, Bentley would probably have to use most of his working knowledge of five languages to gather material for the story of the classic run, which SI will feature in next week's issue.

• • •

Recently Bentley clinched seventh place in the national standings for amateur drivers regardless of class. With 4,000 points, compiled mostly in his 1100 Siata (*see illustration*), his record included nine firsts and 11 seconds in class G.

A lifelong student and indefatigable chronicler of the automobile, Bentley is understandably happy about the current U.S. surge of interest in sports cars, whose 130,000 enthusiasts, rapidly increasing in number, have brought back for amateurs the almost-vanished art of driving for its own sake. The skill and fun of motoring, Bentley feels, is a pleasure which the qualities of the sports car can best exploit—and so offer to a potentially limitless audience the exhilaration of the world of drift and downshift, cams and castor oil—the fast and fascinating world Bentley regularly reports for SI.

Harry Phillips

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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines

DR. EUGENE KING, Waukegan, Ill. physician, has played basketball for 54 of his 61 years, plans to keep at it indefinitely because "it makes me feel good." He plays two or three games a week for Waukegan's Y Rex team. A forward with a good underhand shot, he scored 30 points in one game last year. In the summer he serves as catcher for the Y Rex baseball team.

ROGER BROWN, New York businessman, has always liked horses. Last winter he bought two harness horses—Brown Ink and Arby's Rhythm—from Champion Driver Billy Haughton, decided to drive them in his spare time. He raced for the first time this spring in rugged New York competition and came in second in a photo finish. In 12 races, Brown finished in the money five times—a fine freshman record.

HERMAN GLASS, Los Angeles book manufacturer and binder, still displays remarkable agility on the flying rings at 74. Glass took up the rings at the old Turnverein, gave his first exhibition in 1898 and won the Olympic flying-rings title in 1904 at St. Louis. He still works out one night a week at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, does push-ups and back exercises every night before going to bed to keep fit. Herman recommends the rings as universal body-building exercise.

PRESTON DAVIS, 13, of Memphis, Tenn., is a practiced trumpet player and baseball catcher, but until now he has been a mediocre hunter. One day near Parkin, Ark. his luck changed. Preston spotted a 40-pound wildcat in a tree, felled it with a single shot and came home with a rare trophy, the envy of the neighborhood.

MICKEY WINSLOW, perky 14-year-old redhead from Tomball, Texas, is 1954 national high school all-around champion cowgirl. Mickey has been riding in rodeos since she was four, excels in roping and barrel-racing events. When her high school days are over, she wants to become a professional cowgirl and covets membership in the Girls Rodeo Association. But right now pretty Mickey is getting ready to defend her title at the 1955 championships, to be held next summer in Harrison, Neb.

Johnsons for Christmas means Fun for Years!

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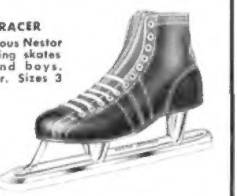

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

TOPHATTED REFEREE, Historian Thomas C. Mendenhall, master of Yale's Berkeley College, sternly penalized *Daily News* team for having 21 men on the field instead of proper 15.

PUSHING ELIS

Yale undergraduates, grunting up and down the sacred sod of old campus, revive a tradition of the '90s with "First Annual Bladder-Ball Contest"

Undergraduate class rushes had their full bloom at Yale back in the days of the immortal Walter Camp. Then as classes grew larger the custom was forgotten. This fall, in a burst of the old '90s' spirit, staffs of the Yale *Daily News*, *Banner* (yearbook), *Record* (humor magazine) and the campus radio station WYBC lined up on the Old Campus for a revival semiportentously named "The First Annual Bladder-Ball Contest." The revival lasted 45 minutes, resulted in a tie between *Banner* and *News*, left all parties puffing.

AT OPENING WHISTLE teams converged on 6 ft. rubber pushball. *Record* staffers (*left*) came attired as Marlon Brandos, outfitted for *The Wild One*, charged *Banner* men (*right*).

WITH HARKNESS TOWER LOOMING ABOVE

UNDERGRADS COMBINE TO SCORE FIRST GOAL AGAINST WYBC, WHICH BROADCAST GAME

BANNER ROOTER Barbara Steutzer, of Smith, held lapful of encumbering boaters.

IMPROMPTU MELEE brought baptism of beer for grimacing *News* editor, Ben Cate.

continued on next page

THE GIFT

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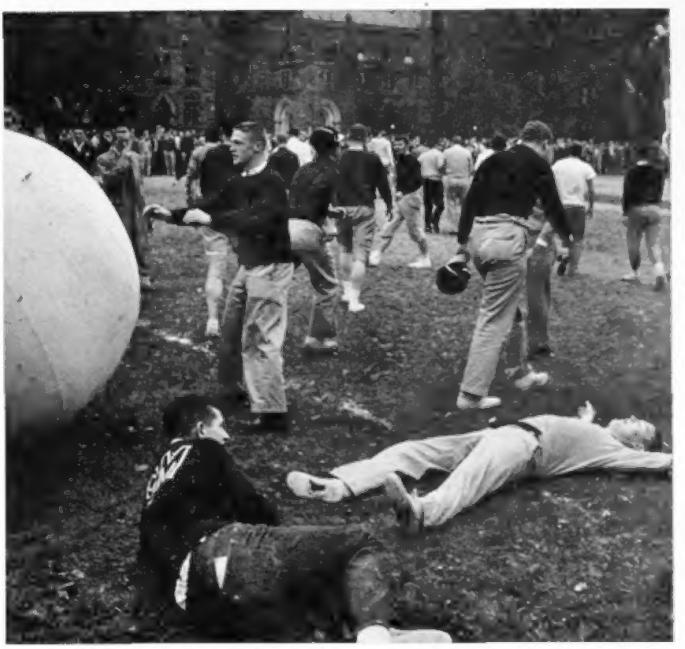
AFTER 45 MINUTES, A TIRED TIE GAME

BLADDER BALL *continued from page 5*



EXHAUSTION set in early, despite the fact that after each goal—two each against WYBC and *Record*, one each against *News* and *Banner*—teams paused for refreshments.

BLADDER BALL, which took half an hour to inflate at a filling station, took only a few minutes to deflate. Here *Banner* men, who thought up the game, go about it.

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COVER: *1900 Peugeot*

Photograph by BOB ISEAR

It sounds like a used car salesman's spiel but this 54-year-old auto has known but two owners –a French country doctor who drove it only four years and H.E.F. Parkinson of Eastbourne, Sussex, to whom the doctor gave it in 1947. Now the Peugeot rolls proudly past the stands at the Anglo-American vintage car rally (*see pages 69-72*), carrying three generations of Parkinsons.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE TOUGHEST ROAD RACE IN THE WORLD

From the Guatemalan border to the Rio Grande, Mexico's Pan-American race covers 1,908 twisting, tortured miles of highway through steaming jungles, burning desert and over mountain passes two miles high. SI's Motor Sports Columnist JOHN BENTLEY is with the racers all the way, and will report their success, failure and sometimes death in words and pictures

BIG GAME IN AFRICA

The most sensitive and successful animal photographer of all, YLLA, presents one of her most beautiful stories: the great wild animals of Africa in their native habitat. IN COLOR

THE RETURN OF PADDY KINSELLA

A distinguished SI short story of tenderness and passion by the rising Irish master, BRYAN MACMAHON

SKIING IN AMERICA—AN SI PREVIEW

What's new, where to go, how to get there, and how it all began. A round-up with 12 pages of photographs IN COLOR, a map, charts, and text by JAMES LAUGHLIN

PLUS: ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL AND THE STORY OF CANADA'S GREATEST HOCKEY PLAYER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY AND EVAN PESKIN

GLORY DAY IN COLUMBUS

Ohio State turned on its historic tormentor, Michigan, Saturday and trounced the Wolverines 21-7. The victory gave the Buckeyes a Rose Bowl bid and gave the city of Columbus a night of wild singing, cheering and celebrating

by ROGER KAHN

WOODY HAYES, the beefy former tackle who coaches Ohio State's football team, stamped into his office in the caverns of Ohio Stadium at 4:15 last Saturday and climbed up on a chair. "Boys," he shouted at two platoons of newspapermen, "this is how I feel." He leaped off the chair into the air and uttered a tenor shriek: "Whoopee!"

Wayne Woodrow Hayes is a massive man. When he hit the concrete floor of his office, Columbus felt a tremor. It was the city's second earthquake of the afternoon.

What prompted Hayes to leap and shriek was the first earthquake. Columbus rocked and trembled and reveled as Ohio State came from behind and defeated the University of Michigan 21-7 in a grinding, rugged game. With that single triumphant stroke the Buckeyes achieved an unbeaten season, the Big Ten championship and an invitation to the Rose Bowl.

In Columbus the moment of victory was magic. When the outcome first became apparent during the final minutes of the game, the big crowd at Ohio Stadium broke into an exultant, rolling chant:

We don't give a damn for the
whole state of Michigan
Whole state of Michigan
Whole state of Michigan
We don't give a damn for the
whole state of Michigan
We're from O-H1-O

Late Saturday night as the chanted song and blaring automobile horns filled the downtown area with sound, it was clear that Columbus was stretching its magic moment into an enchanted evening.

Saturday in Columbus began with rain, wind, cold and a Michigan team that for one quarter seemed invincible. But the elements bothered no one and the 82,438 fans who filled the stadium were troubled mostly by remembrance of things past. Ohio State had beaten Michigan only once in its last nine tries. Michigan had laughed at Ohio State's spirit. In Columbus the blue and gold clad team of Wolverines was a personification of evil.

The first time Michigan got its hands on the ball it scored. Danny Cline, a halfback also known as No. 44 (SI, Nov. 22), carried four times on an 11-play, 68-yard drive. The fourth time, he went seven yards for a touchdown. Things looked bright for the forces of evil. Not until late in the second quarter could the good men of Ohio counterattack.

Jack Gibbs intercepted a pass and ran 47 yards to the Michigan 10. Coach Hayes, who had been resting his best quarterback, deliberately inserted Dave Leggett into the game and took a five-yard penalty for an illegal substitution. Before anyone had a chance to second guess, Leggett passed to End Fred Kriss in the end zone.

Tad Weed converted, the game was tied but the crowd's roar was almost restrained. It had been Michigan custom to wreck Ohio State with second-half power. The strutting bands at half-time did not relieve Columbus' anxiety.

When the game resumed Michigan pushed, Ohio held, Ohio pushed, Michigan held and the third quarter waned. Then Michigan pushed and fumbled. Ohio State took over on its own 21, failed to gain and Fullback Hubert Bobo delivered a classic 80-yard punt: 40 yards straight up, 40 yards straight down. Michigan recovered the ball on the Buckeyes' 14-yard line.

text continued on page 62

TURNING POINT: OHIO LINE STOPS DAVE HILL A FOOT FROM GOAL—OPPOSITE PAGE: COACH HAYES GETS A POST-VICTORY RIDE

NOVEMBER 29, 1954

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SLAUGHTER IN THE COLISEUM

by HERMAN HICKMAN

LOS ANGELES

THE LARGEST CROWD of the football season, 102,548, sweltered in midsummer heat last Saturday in the huge Coliseum in Los Angeles. A thermometer at ground level registered a fantastic 110°, although the official reading was a Novembery 87°. The crowd's loyalty, untempered by the heat, was split right down the middle, for this was one of the grand traditionals: a cross-town rivalry between two outstanding teams, each in a position to gain greatly from victory.

For UCLA, victory would mean the Pacific Coast Conference title, an undefeated-and-untied season and, possibly, the national championship. They were heavily favored.

Still, the pregame psychological edge plainly favored Southern California. The Rose Bowl invitation was already theirs (UCLA had gained it the year before and could not by the rules accept it a second successive time). Here was their chance to win the Conference title and add lustre and prestige to the Rose Bowl game by knocking top-ranked UCLA from the ranks of the undefeated.

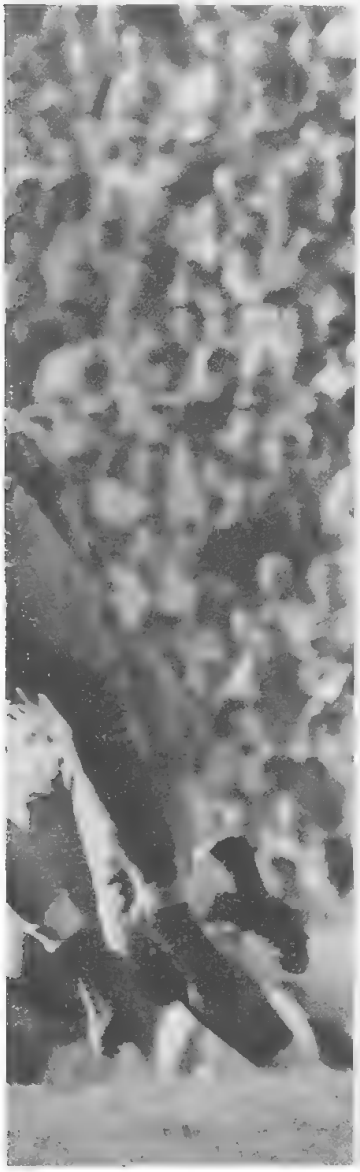
And, my, how they tried. Their

The Trojans fought like Trojans, blunted the Bruin attack and held the score close for a good while. But the issue was seldom in doubt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

valiant defense prevented UCLA from marching for a touchdown in their first series of plays for the first time this year. They never gave up. Nonetheless, the Trojans simply didn't have the horses to do battle with what may be the best single-wing team of our time.

At first glance, the UCLA offensive setup—single wing with a balanced line—looks primitive. There are no shifts, no men in motion, no flankers, no "multiple offense," no buck lateral series. For a change of pace, they will switch from right to left formation. That is all. Nothing fancy. Football for the purist. Then you look closer and discover the fine Italian hand of Coach Henry (Red) Sanders: the little nuances, the split-second timing, the absolute execution of minute details. Actually, the ultimate in deception is for all plays to look alike until the last moment, and that is the basis of the UCLA attack.



Two new variations of standard offensive maneuvers were added for this game, and both resulted in touchdowns. The first was used the second time the Bruins got their hands on the ball. It was second down and four yards to go on the Trojan 48. Formation was to the right. The snap was to Tailback Villanueva who began to drive off tackle to his left on the basic power play to the weak side. Left End Bob Heydenfeldt, instead of blocking his opposing tackle, took off down the field and veered toward the sidelines. The Bruins' blocking back and fullback came over shoulder to shoulder as if to annihilate the USC defensive right end, but the fullback took him alone, and the blocking back slipped on into the left flat. Southern California's Halfback Lindon Crow, a great athlete, spotted the blocking back and made one false step toward him. The end got behind Crow, Villanueva straightened up, hit Heydenfeldt with a perfect pass at the four, and UCLA was out in front to stay.

TROJANS THREATEN

Southern California threatened seriously in the third quarter when they brought the ball to the 8-yard line, first down and goal to go. But then UCLA Halfback Jim Decker intercepted a Contratto pass and the Trojans were never again in the ball game.

In the fourth quarter, UCLA scored four times, the second of this last quartet of touchdowns coming on the second variation on the standard Bruin offense: a sneak pass to the blocking back. The final score was 34 to 0, and

BRUIN TACKLE Joe Ray lunged at Quarterback Jim Contratto, punting left-footed, but he failed to block the kick.

BIGGEST CROWD of the football season filled every seat, and standing room too, in the huge Los Angeles Coliseum, rooted enthusiastically despite unseasonable heat.

UCLA had passed into football history as a great team. USC had nothing to look forward to but powerful Notre Dame this Saturday and unbeaten-untied Ohio State in the Rose Bowl.

Some cynics say the Sanders-Neyland version of the single wing is antiquated, yet it crushed a good USC team equipped with all the versions of the "multiple offense." But in the final analysis, it was not the system of offense that decided the game so much as the beautifully coached and well-manned Bruin defense. Not by the wildest stretch of imagination could this defensive display be called "horse and buggy" football. UCLA intercepted five passes and ran them back for a total of 167 yards, a feat in itself enough to beat any team. USC's running attack was held to a net gain of just five yards.

I had heard much of UCLA Tackle Jack Ellena and Guard Jim Salsbury. They lived up to their advance notices, but the best man on the field was End Bob Long, who packs 220 pounds on a 6-foot 4-inch frame. He did everything a football player should. Why he is unsung, I don't know, but if I know the pros, he'll be somebody's first draft choice.

I know that overemphasis is a horrid word, but wouldn't it be wonderful if UCLA could play Ohio State or Oklahoma, someplace, somehow?

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES ON PAGE 64

'LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART' - - -

SO CHORUSED 3,325 fight fans in Madison Square Garden last week in scornful reaction to the match between *Light Heavyweights Floyd Patterson (left)* and Jimmy Slade *(recumbent)*. The bout began as if the 19-year-old Patterson had taken to heart and fist all the harsh words said about the fight game lately. Early in the first round he dropped Slade for a count of eight, felled him four more times in the eight rounds to win an easy decision, while the usually able Slade ran for dear life when he was not falling into a clinch. One onlooker who did not join in the chorus was Robert K. Christenberry, Athletic Commission boss. He held up Slade's purse for 72 hours, until convinced by Slade he had done his best. For other sweetheart scenes of the week, see opposite page.

DON COCKELL, beefy British heavyweight, rubbed noses with one of his prize pigs, Sally the Sow, while doing chores around his farm in Sussex. British Empire heavyweight champion, Cockell is one of the leading contenders for Rocky Marciano's crown.

KINVARRA DEACON MALONE, champion setter, gave three-year-old Aaron Baer of West Hempstead, N.Y. an affectionate nuzzle on meeting in pet shop. Ch. Malone, an occasional television performer, will compete in Brooklyn Kennel Club show next month.

MRS. BARBARA THURSTON embraced huge marlin caught off Oahu, T.H. by George Parker. Confusion arose over whether the 1,002-pound fish was striped, black or silver marlin, meant the difference between a world's record or just another big fish.

PLEASING PERFORMANCES IN THE RINK

JONI PEARCE, a member of an ice-show company, turned up on the outdoor rink at Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, did a series of early-season fancy turns, helped to launch one of the winter's most popular participant and spectator sports.

JIMMY CARTER hammered game Paddy DeMarco to floor for the count of four in ninth round of nationally televised fight at San Francisco Cow Palace, and scored a TKO in 15th round to win back lightweight title which DeMarco took from him last March. Outclassed

IN THE RING

by the hard-hitting, clever-boxing Carter, DeMarco gave millions of viewers a fine show, refusing to quit while taking terrific beating, including another knockdown.

IN THE FIELD

MARK TRAILER, a two-year-old German short-haired pointer, hurdled a fence in a field near Chicago while tenderly carrying in his mouth a pheasant which had just been shot down as the Illinois season opened. Despite his prodigious leap, Mark Trailer performed in the best bird-dog tradition; he failed to leave any marks on the bird he brought in.

'MAYBE SOMEBODY DID ROB ME BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT W. KELLEY

People think that boxers make a lot of money—and they should. The fighter draws the gate and takes the beating. Like Beau Jack, the Georgia shoeshine boy who fought his way to a championship and should have half a million to show for it. What does he have now? A drive-in roadstand and a $10,000 annuity. Beau Jack doesn't know where his money went. He only did the fighting—and got cleaned

BY BEAU JACK

AS TOLD TO

CHARLES SAMUELS

AUGUSTA, GA.

PEOPLE keep arguing with me:

"You made half a million dollars fighting at the ring," they keep saying. "What happened to all that dough, Beau Jack? If you ain't got it somebody stole it from you."

Maybe somebody did rob me.

Maybe nobody robbed me.

But I got nothing against anybody. This is because all my fun all my life was fighting. I never went to school. Can't say why, exactly. Don't know, rightly. Living out here in the country, three and a half miles from Augusta, [illegible] school. And maybe without any education a man never gets sense enough to get mad just about money.

What I've wanted most of all was to be a well-liked little feller.

If I ain't got so much today, I didn't have nothing at all when I started out. My mother and father separated when I was eight months old and it was my grandmother, Mrs. Evie Mixom, who brought me up and my sister and my brother John Henry. We lived right next to the little old house I got now.

EARLY DAYS

Reason I know just how far it is to Augusta is because I used to walk there every day to shine shoes on the street. I started to do that when I was eight. I got up 5 o'clock every morning so I could get the best corner for shining shoes before anybody else. That corner was at Ninth and Broad where most of the cotton farmers came in to town. I had to fight every day to keep that corner. It was fight or run. Those other boys wanted my corner and they were bigger than me. They'd get up their gangs against me. But I fought 'em because I wasn't gonna run, and I always won.

As I got older, white men used to watch me fightin' on the street, and sometimes they'd give me money for winning. Then one day—I was 15 then—one of the men asked me if I'd fight in the ring for him.

"Do I get paid, sir?" I said.

"Sure you get paid, Beau Jack. I will give you three dollars," he said. "But you will have to fight Okey Dokey, who is bigger than you. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

I said, "Not if I'm gonna get paid three dollars just for fighting him, sir."

I knew Okey Dokey and he weighed 150 against my 126. But I went in the ring with him, knocked him out and got paid [illegible] dollars. Next they put me in with Battling Buck, who weighed about 175 and was well liked for being such a hard, rugged puncher.

But I knocked him out too, and I got ten dollars for that.

I gave all that money to Grandma Mixom.

One night my brother John Henry came home and he had $80. I asked him where he got all that money, and he said in a battle royal. So I went down to Augusta and got in a battle royal. They put me with four or five other fellers, all bigger than me, and told me the winner would get all the money.

I stayed in a corner with my back to the ropes. I [illegible] other out and paid no attention to me. But whenever one of them backed up near me I slammed him good and knocked him out. And when I had them all knocked out, the promoter wanted to give me all the money because I was the very last one left in the ring.

But I said, "No, let the others have some of the money. Spread the money around among those other fellers. They [illegible]."

After that I kept fighting in more battle royals around Augusta, and I won every single one of them. Sometimes they'd put the battle royals [illegible]

FIGHTER BEAU in fancy sports clothes at the height of his success. With him are Manager Wergeles *(left)* who got 25%, of Beau's purses, and his discoverer Bowman Milligan.

SEMIRETIRED BEAU in old blue jeans works out on punching bag in back yard as children Tim and Georgianna look on.

on wrestling cards and they would steal the show because people liked them so much.

One time my brother John Henry was in a battle royal with me and we were the last two left in the ring. So I knocked him out too. He wasn't mad. Later he said to me, "You are just a lucky guy. You hit me with a lucky punch." I said, "Lucky? Why didn't you get up if it was just lucky?" And he couldn't answer me any better than he could fight me.

There was a big battle royal held during the Masters Tournament. All those rich people and others who'd come to Augusta to see the tournament have to be entertained at night. So the club put on for them this big battle royal in the dining room of the Bon-Air Hotel, and I was in it.

When those people from out of town saw me getting in the ring that night with all those big fellers, they didn't like it. They said, "What is that little one getting in there for? He is nothing but a little kid. You can't put that little bit of a kid in with those other big ones." But the men who'd seen me fight said, "Don't worry, sirs. Just watch that little kid."

ONE FELLER LEFT

And in this battle royal I did the same thing as always, waiting in the corner to knock out the big fighters, whichever ones got pushed against me. At the end there was only me and one last big feller left. And I came bouncing off the ropes, throwing one of those long, looping lefts, and this knocked him out.

Well, you should have heard those club members and their guests talk about me then. They wanted to give me all the money, but I again said let the other boys have some of it. Spread it around, sirs. But those men kept giving me money in person, all 10s and 20s and 50s. And one man liked the way I fought so much he gave me $300 all in one little roll of bills. There wasn't a one-dollar-bill man, it seems, in that main dining room of the Bon-Air Hotel. I brought a whole thousand dollars home to my grandma. All of it.

And that night after the fight, Bowman Milligan, who is steward of the Augusta National Golf Club, he said, "Kid, you come up to the club and work there." After that I worked at the club, shining shoes and taking care of the members' shoes. The members would come in first in their street clothes and I'd shine those shoes first. Later they'd come in all dusty with dust from the golf course, and I'd shine those shoes. I also took care of their clothes sometimes.

I think I made about $50 a week as a shoeshine boy. It is hard to say exactly because some of the members would wait until the end of the season to pay me. Some of them would give me as much as $500 then.

Taking care of those members' shoes and clothes is not as easy as some people think. You gotta remember whose shoes each pair is or you'll get them mixed up. First you gotta mark the soles of each shoe with chalk, then remember just what you marked on them, where you set them down and who's the man to give them back to. That's a lot to keep in your head if you never went to school.

Everyday I'd see all those millionaires at the club and I'd be asked about them. But I always remember what my grandmother told me and I didn't care whether they were millionaires or not. Grandma said everybody should be treated the same. And I always did that: treated everybody the same.

I got married when I was fifteen to Josephine, who I am still married to. We now have all these kids, I being the father, she the mother. But even after I was married I'd always talk a lot to my grandma, Mrs. Evie Mixom. She'd say, "What are you gonna be, Beau Jack?" (Everybody, even my grandmother, always called me Beau Jack though my right name is Sidney Walker. I don't know why, rightly. Beau Jack is just the nickname I somehow always had.)

I'd tell her, "I don't know, grandma. I want to either be a preacher or a fighter." And she said, "Whatever you be, Beau Jack, you be a good one. If a preacher, a good preacher; if a fighter, a good fighter."

I kept up fighting in those battle royals all along, and one day when she says what do I want to be, I told her, "Grandma, I wanna fight."

So she thought about that and said, "If you want to fight, all right. Way back in slavery time a great-grandfather of yours was a No. 1 man at

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ABOUT CHARLES SAMUELS

Few writers have better mastered the delicate art of interpreting other people's lives in their own language than Charles Samuels. It was he who collaborated with Ethel Waters several years ago to produce her fine, best-selling biography, *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, the tender story of the great Negro singer's life.

SPECTACLE

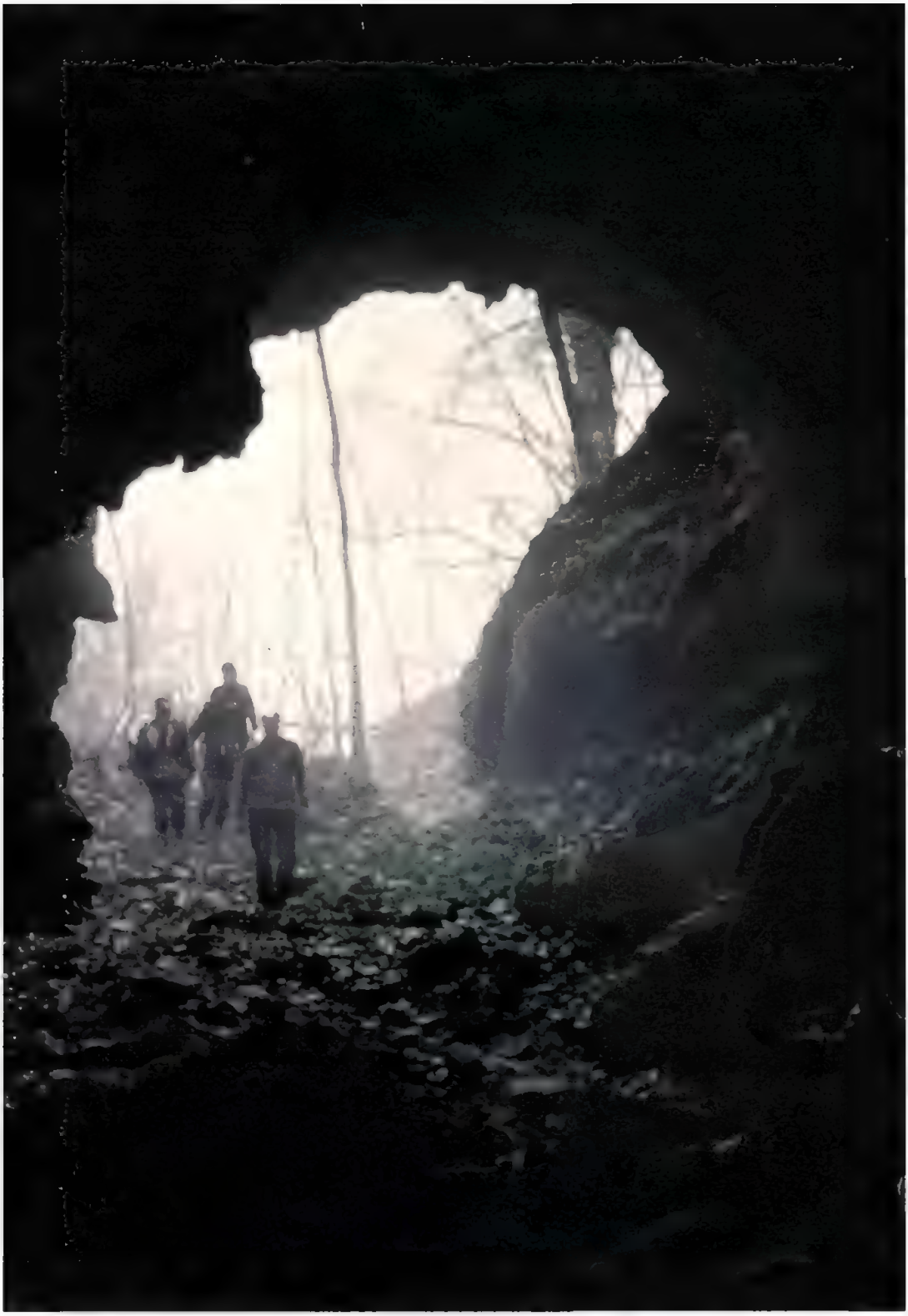
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HALMI

CAVEMEN AT WORK

Underground explorers enter the dark mouth of a Kentucky cave. A tortuous and dangerous descent lies ahead, but spelunkers find the perils justified by the exotic scenery

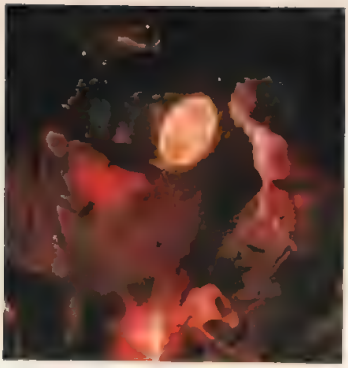
Among the newer and more exciting sports is spelunking, the exploration of underground caves. For their thrills, Spelunkers Robert and Marilyn Halmi, Jim Dyer, Jacque and Bill Austin chose to explore Cathedral Cave in Kentucky.

Shortly after entering the cave, the group found itself shut off entirely from sunlight, their only means of illumination miners' lamps attached to their heads. Hour after hour in the cold, humid darkness they worked their way downward into the bowels of the earth, climbing over massive boulders, sliding down 20-foot inclines of mud, wriggling through narrow passages between the many rooms of the subsurface mansion. As the party moved along, they carefully put smoke marks from their lamps along the walls, blazing a trail which would enable them to find their way back to the surface. At last they reached their goal: a magnificent subterranean chamber filled with centuries-old, crystal-like formations of stalagmites and stalactites.

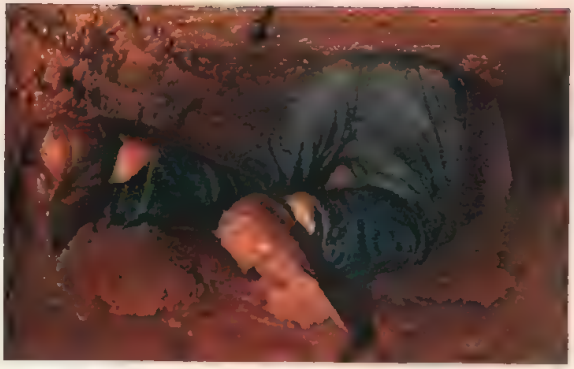


Hibernating bats hang in moist ledges of this dark, silent place. Spiderlike "cave crickets" are everywhere with orange-colored salamanders slithering about

Pike River was main goal

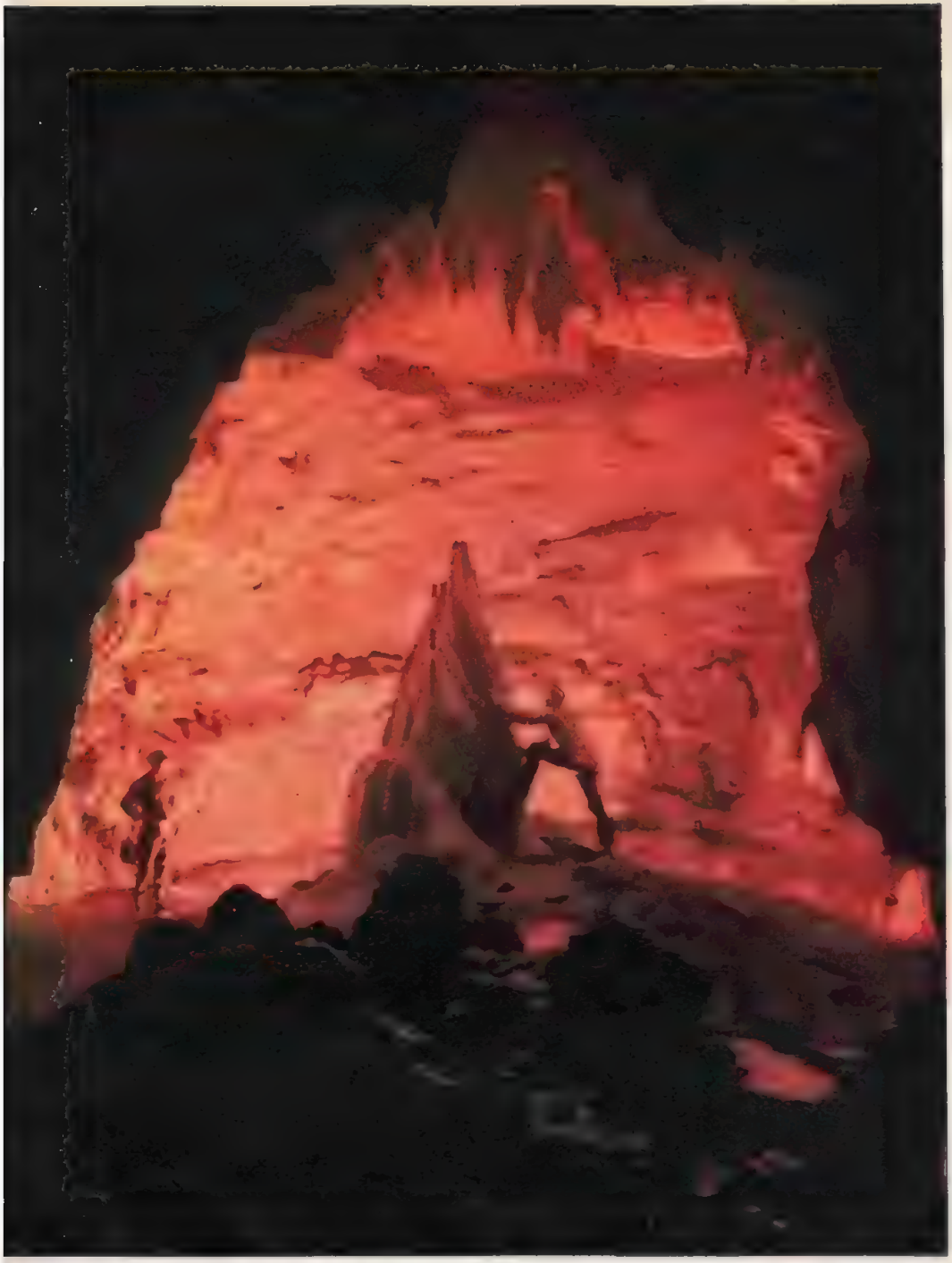


Carbide lamp is the spelunker's greatest aid. Bill Austin helps his wife Jacque to fill hers



Crawlways are the connecting arteries between large rooms. Jim Dwyer inches into one of them. He wears rubber garden knee pads for protection

in Cathedral Cave. In its rushing waters live translucent blind fish. Source of Pike River is unknown



Huge onyx stalagmite is one of the cave's most spectacular sights. Drop by drop, it has taken thousands of years to form

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS POINT TO ONE EFFECT OF POLITE CARTELS IN THE BOWL BUSINESS AND REGISTER DISSENT ON A BOXING-REFORM ALTERNATIVE, BUT THEY ARE CHEERED BY A BAD FIGHT AND A BACK-TALKING COACH

Happy New Year

BOWL-GAME PROPRIETORS used to compete for New Year's Day teams in an old-fashioned open market. About this time every year they would be whipping telegrams back and forth across the country, trying to line up the strongest college clubs for their respective Bowls. Not any more. Most of the Bowls have given up the rigors of free competition for polite cartel agreements—with selected football conferences sending their top teams (except some conferences won't let the same team go two years running).

Last week football consumers learned something of what this system will offer them on New Year's.

Southern California was whacked 34–0 by UCLA—and became the Pacific Coast Conference's representative in the Rose Bowl. (UCLA was in the Bowl last year.)

Arkansas lost its second straight game—this one 7–6 to Louisiana State—but, with the best record in the Southwest Conference, was picked to play in the Cotton Bowl.

Nebraska, walloped 55–7 by Oklahoma, picked itself up to find it had been named to represent the Big Seven Conference in the Orange Bowl.

Happy New Year, everyone.

THE SUREST SIGN OF FALL

The trees are red, the hills ablaze,
The fodder's in the shock;
The turkey doesn't know it
But he's heading for the block.
The football season's on the wane,
December doth approach.
The frost is on the pumpkin
And the blast is on the coach.

Disgruntled grads are muttering
Across a frosty land;
The situation's fluid,
But they'll have it soon in hand.
The football team they snarl—lost games
It should have won and so
It follows all too clearly
That the coach has got to go.

He lost, they note, to Notre Dame,
Ohio State, Purdue.
If Oklahoma trims him,
Then the lad is really through.
He's just as fine a person as
They'd ever care to know.
". . . Don't get me wrong—I like him,
But the bum has got to go."

And if I reach the pearly gates,
And climb the golden stair,
And catch the distant music
Of the harps upon the air,
I know I'll hear a booming voice
Within as I approach—
". . . We've had a crumby season,
Men, we've got to can the coach."

—Lenny Anderson in the *Seattle Times*

Progress report

SI NOTES with satisfaction that the New York State Athletic Commission swung some businesslike punches of its own last week.

After listening to testimony from fight managers who said they had to make $100 "donations" to the International Boxing Guild's New York chapter whenever their tigers got a TV fight (SI, Nov. 22), Bob Christenberry's commission suspended two IBG managers and two matchmakers who seemed, on the testimony, most involved. It suspended two other managers for other rule infractions. And it promised to turn its preliminary inquiry on these matters into a hearing. Said Christenberry: "If the charges are sustained, additional discipline will be meted out."

SI notes with reserve something Bob Christenberry said next: "Conditions which have been alleged and uncovered in the inquiry cannot be permitted to continue. If they do persist, it would be better if boxing were ended in this state."

Ending boxing is not the solution. Too many people have a legitimate interest in a good sport. The problem is to clean up boxing's dirty business.

The Oriole's not for burning

PAUL RICHARDS was not burned at a stake in Baltimore last week, after all. Pilloried, perhaps. Hanged in effigy once or twice. But not burned.

Last Wednesday, Richards, the new general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, made a deal with George Weiss, the seasoned general manager of the New York Yankees. Richards traded Bob Turley, a young pitcher of infinite promise, Don Larsen, a young pitcher of limited promise, and Bill Hunter, a light-hitting, slick-fielding shortstop. In return, he received a package that included Gene Woodling, a fine veteran outfielder, two fair veteran pitchers and two promising young catchers.

News of the trade leaked Wednesday and broke formally Thursday. By Thursday night in Baltimore, fans were hysterical. Weiss, they wailed,

continued on next page

had taken their man Richards and stolen their man Turley. Flames were kindling.

But a day later the fires burned lower. An urchin spotted Turley's Cadillac parked outside the pitcher's house. On its dusty surface he traced a more or less resigned epithet: "Damn Yankee."

The Orioles are not likely to win a pennant with the talent they got from the Yankees. But last year they finished seventh. What they may do is move as high as fourth and what they almost certainly will do is escape from seventh. Richards' move was not made on a long-range basis, but how many Baltimore fans would have continued paying to see a feeble team simply because the millennium was coming—also a long-range basis?

Weiss, of course, got just what he wanted, as is his custom. The Yankees needed young pitchers. Now they have them. Their 1955 pennant drive is under way.

There's an adage about trades, employed by the General Managers' Protective Society and designed to make all general managers look good at all times. "The trade," runs the adage, "will help both clubs." Here at last is a trade that, maybe, did. Stakes need not blaze in Baltimore.

Drama in West Jordan

THE PUBLIC has been so benumbed by the elephantine ceremonial amid which the manly art of self-defense is conducted, and has eyed the old postures and listened to the sonorous old pronunciamentos so many times that its sense of the ridiculous has deserted it entirely. Fight crowds simply sit with glazed eyes through organ recitals of "our national anthem"—as if this were exactly the right note on which to launch a session of beak busting—and through the referee's long, self-conscious and entirely useless preliminary instructions. Even so florid a ring announcer as New York's Harry Balogh could conjure up only a few dispirited catcalls though he often intones, "May the superior contestant emerge victorious" instead of, "May the best man win."

Something new and unconventional in the way of atmosphere and official attitude has obviously been needed for a long time and it is pleasant to be able to report that a beginning was made last week by the West Jordan (Utah) Athletic Association. This probably needs a bit of explanation. West Jordan, Utah is a hamlet of 2,107 souls near Salt Lake City. The West Jordan Athletic Association is, for all intents and purposes, a mink farmer named Marvin Jenson who has thrown up a wooden outdoor arena in a local cow pasture and who fosters and encourages, *i.e.* promotes, boxing there.

When the weather turns bad the West Jordan AA simply moves its fights to Salt Lake City and conducts them indoors there. Since Utah has no boxing commission or other regulatory board, these contests too are conducted according to the "rules of the West Jordan Athletic Association" and the boxers are solemnly informed of this fact before being sent out to remodel one another. Last week, in the course of its autumn program, the WJAA matched that fleshy and well drubbed old heavyweight Rex Layne with one William Boatsman, a muscular Portland, Ore. carpenter, and history was made.

It will come as no surprise to fight fans to learn that the Layne-Boatsman contest was a bad one. It was, however, so incredibly bad that it was marvelously entertaining. Layne set out in the first round to punch Boatsman's crew-cropped head loose and nearly succeeded so early that Boatsman took the simplest possible measure to prevent it—he grabbed Layne by the arms and tried to push him through the ropes. He kept at it for seven rounds, sometimes tripping his opponent to facilitate things. In all, he pushed Layne out four times; sensibly enough, he tried to make the fourth push the last. Noting that Layne's shoulders were on the ring apron and Layne's legs were draped over the lower rope, Boatsman cannily leaned out and began belaboring Layne's head with great vigor and determination. "Only good punching he's done all evening," bawled somebody at ringside.

This sort of thing, nevertheless, is counter to the rules of the West Jordan AA, and it almost caused a scandal. Mink-fancier Jenson leaped into the ring and expressed his sense of outrage by grabbing Boatsman. Boatsman straightened up and punched him in the belly. The announcer leaped through the ropes and bawled for the cops. No cops came into the ring, but most of the people in the front seats did. They milled and waved their arms. Layne got back on his feet and gave every indication of anger—in fact, he seemed on the verge of hitting Boatsman. Then Referee Ken Shulsen pushed off the dead hand of convention, announced that Boatsman was "mentally incapable of continuing the fight," and named Layne the winner.

It was new. It was different. It was dramatic. It was possibly true. The crowd was delighted—it stayed on, throwing seat cushions and old newspaper into the ring, and booing with joy, and finally went home talking of nothing else.

Dispatches from Australia

THE TENNIS SEASON did not, apparently, wind up at Forest Hills. It just got up a full head of steam there in readiness for the Davis Cup Challenge Round, which on some former occasions has been settled more or less peacefully only because the combatants were equipped with fragile rackets instead of elephant guns. The latest renewal of this delicate war is due next month, but the skirmishing began a few days ago—on the courts at Sydney and in the papers at Melbourne.

The opening volley, aimed at tennis in general and not necessarily at the question of Australia's ability to retain that coveted mug of silver, was fired by Frank Sedgman, a man who after two years of chumming around with Jack Kramer, should now know as much about losing as he used to know about winning. In passing judgment on the current crop of amateurs, Sedgman told readers of the Melbourne *Sun* that no amateur today—even an Australian—could be counted on to

win a match before he stepped onto a court. Reflecting back, perhaps wistfully, to his own days as the world hero of the international sneaker set, Sedgman remarked that amateur tennis had not improved "one iota" since he began his professional career in 1953. The reason for this sorry state of affairs, says Sedgman, is a "certain wily American gent" who goes around buying up the best amateurs. "It is bad when the lure of professionalism overshadows the amateur game."

Now, Sedgman obviously can't be expected to remember everything he ever said. But perhaps he should be reminded that when that "certain American gent" approached him with an offer of nearly $100,000 to turn professional, Sedgman told the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia such a hasty farewell that one might have thought all his countrymen (including those who chipped in $13,260 for his wedding present) had the plague. He gave out a nice, simple statement: "I decided this professional offer was too good to turn down."

Nevertheless, the part of Forgetful Frank's utterances dealing with today's amateurs was unmistakably true. Never in recent years has the tournament picture been more of a puzzle. Mervyn Rose won the last Australian championship, Tony Trabert won the French crown, Jaroslav Drobny did it at Wimbledon, Lew Hoad took the title at Orange, Ham Richardson came through at Newport, Vic Seixas outlasted everyone at Forest Hills. Last week the unpredictable aspect of tennis in 1954 was underscored again during the New South Wales championships at Sydney, where the advance guard of the U.S. Davis Cup team was warming up for the Inter-Zone finals against Sweden.

Trabert went down in the third round to Australia's Don Candy, a second-stringer. Hoad, who has never completely regained the mastery he displayed in the last Challenge Round, was knocked out by 36-year-old John Bromwich. Rex Hartwig won the finals over Rose, a fellow Australian.

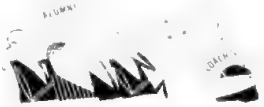
Still missing from this crazy mixed-up scene, but due soon, were Seixas and the American nonplaying captain (and SI's tennis columnist), Bill Talbert. Before Talbert could identify himself as the official spokesman for the U.S. invaders, Trabert got in his licks: "I'm not in top condition yet, but I think we'll do it this time, provided we can get by Sweden."

Certainly when Captain Talbert reaches his boys he'll find them amply fortified with confidence. All he'll have to do then is teach them how to win when it counts most. If they learn well enough—who knows? - Sedgman's benefactor, the "certain wily American gent," may drop around with a loaded fountain pen.

Storm in the desert

A COUPLE of sports items of note have crept out of Arizona these past few weeks that warrant an attention not usually focused on that sunshine-rich but football-poor state.

The first had to do with the achievements of one Arthur Luppino, a 20-year-old sophomore tailback at the University of Arizona in Tucson, who has turned out to be one of the most accomplished running backs in college football this season. After the first six games of Arizona's ten-game schedule had been played, he had gained 892 yards from scrimmage, made 18 touchdowns and scored a total of 123 points, each of these figures the best in its category in major-college football this fall. With four games to go, Arizona enthusiasts figured Luppino had a splendid chance to break the national collegiate major-college records of 1,570 yards, 22 touchdowns and 157 points.



Publicity carried Luppino's name all over the country, even to Lubbock, Texas. And thus was spawned the second item of note, a football feud.

Lubbock is the home of Texas Tech, and Tech was Arizona's next, or seventh, opponent. On the following Saturday, as Tech was beating out a 28-14 victory over Arizona, Art Luppino's mouth was cut, his forehead bruised, his teeth loosened and one chipped. He was able to play less than a quarter of the game, gained only 25 yards and failed to score.

"Dirty football!" shouted Arizona supporters. The Tucson Towncats, a downtown group that avidly supports Arizona's football team and whose name is derived from the team's nickname, "Wildcats," rose in arms. Roy Drachman, a former Towncat president, called for breaking off athletic relations with Texas Tech.

"The time has come," he said, "to tell them to go to hell."

The hubbub and the to-do spread. But not, curiously enough, on the campus of the University of Arizona.

"Tech is one of the few good teams we play," said the victim himself, Art Luppino, "and they want to drop it." Wingback Wayne Mancuso said, "I wish they'd stop crying about the game. Tech didn't play any dirtier than any other team we've played. They played it the way it's supposed to be played—hard."

Luppino was back in the line-up the following Saturday against Texas Western. Nobody slugged him. Nobody knocked him out of the game. He gained 108 yards from scrimmage, scored two touchdowns, kicked three extra points. Arizona lost anyway, 41 21.

On Monday, Arizona's head coach, Warren Woodson, was on the grill at the weekly meeting of the Towncats. "Coach," a Towncat asked, "why did we pass on fourth down with two yards to go for a first down on Texas Western's five-yard line?"

All over the country, in spirit, football coaches winced. Woodson answered the question and then, seething, proceeded to do what every football coach in the country has wanted to do at one time or another. He told the downtown alumni off.

"You may not like it," he said, "but you're going to hear the truth. You think you are our supporters. You aren't. You're tearing the team down. . . . I ask that you give us the privilege of coaching our quarterbacks. You have them in such a condition that they're afraid they are going to make a mistake almost every time they call a play. . . .

"I know more about football than anyone here, and I'm smarter about football than you. Stay out of my business so I can do better."

He sat down. The Towncats stared for a moment and then rose as a body and burst into applause.

All over the country, in spirit, football coaches joined in.

The final item from Arizona was written in Tucson last Saturday when Art Luppino gained 180 yards against the traditional rival, Arizona State, made one touchdown, scored 10 points. His team won, 54 14, so for the moment the dust had settled in Arizona and the sun was smiling.

Early returns

WALTER CAMP used to wait at least until after the Yale-Harvard game to announce his All-America selections. Modern pickers are not necessarily under such restraint. The NEA Syndicate issued its annual list last week—officially, the first of 1954:

End—Ron Beagle, Navy.
End - Don Holleder, Army.
Tackle - Jack Ellena, UCLA.
Tackle—Sid Fournet, LSU.
Guard - Bud Brooks, Arkansas.
Guard - Cal Jones, Iowa.
Center—Kurt Burris, Oklahoma.
Back—Ralph Guglielmi, Notre Dame.
Back—Dick Moegle, Rice.
Back—Howard Cassady, Ohio State.
Back—Alan Ameche, Wisconsin.

Unofficially, it looks like a grand year for almost all of these chaps. A well-in-advance copy of *Colliers*, dated Dec. 10, inexplicably reached a subscriber in Conway, Ark. last week. In nine choices out of eleven (including Arkansas' Bud Brooks), *Colliers* picked them the same way.

TRAINING HARD in old, tarred gloves, Beau Jack thinks he can make a comeback. A lightweight at his peak, Beau's 151 pounds put him in middleweight class today.

BEAU JACK

continued from page 20

fighting. And if you wanna be a fighter, Beau Jack, maybe you can be a No. 1 man too.

"But always keep God first. Don't think you are on your own. Make me that promise and I don't mind if you're a fighter."

But she died six months before I went north to be a fighter. So she, my Grandma Mixom, never knew what a well-liked little feller I became in sports. Now or any time I would give a lot for her to know that.

Fifty members of the golf club each put up $50 so I could be a fighter. The idea was that no manager in the New York fight business could then cheat me out of the money I earned. That's the kind of good men they were, putting up that money to help me get started and trained right.

MASSACHUSETTS

That year, when the club closed, Mr. Milligan took me with him up to the Longmeadow Country Club, up in Springfield, Mass. He was steward up there in the summertime, just like he is steward at the club down here in the winter. He said he could get me a job days as a caddy and that would mean I could train nights.

That's what I did. In 1940 it was I started fighting in Holyoke. Sixteen times that year I fight in four-rounders and sixes. The next year I go 21 times. I am fighting in Holyoke until that second summer, getting eight-rounders and winning almost always, a lot of times with knockouts.

I could tell you about every fight I ever had. But it is always the same story. If I was in shape I could win. If I am not in shape I couldn't. I pray before every fight to win, but I don't ask God to go against the other boy. That would not be right, I think.

Up in Holyoke I am getting about $20 a fight. And I win that year also in New York till I fight Freddie Archer eight rounds in St. Nicholas Arena. I lose but it is the kind of good, toe-to-toe fight people come back to see again, so we are matched three weeks later, and again I lose to Freddie Archer.

After that they match me with Allie Stolz. He's the No. 1 fighter and I lick him and then I fight Tippy Larkin in the Garden. Now Tippy was all class and he had plenty of punch. But something seemed to happen to him after I hit him in the second round. I don't know what it was. I remember the punch but it didn't seem hard to me. In the third round I knock him out. Then they say I am lightweight champion of the world in New York State and in New Jersey too.

Later I saw Tippy Larkin come to. He sat there a long while on the stool, shaking his head. When we're back in the dressing room, my trainer, Sid Bell, he said, "Now that was condition, that was training. Tomorrow I want you to be in the gym, getting ready for the next one."

I said, "I always heard that Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Gene Tunney—all the big ones—would get at least one day off after a fight. I want the same thing, a day off."

But Sid Bell said, "No. You be down at Stillman's tomorrow getting ready."

ALWAYS THE SAME

Next day when I walked into Stillman's everybody congratulated me. They said, "I declare, Beau Jack, you're a nice guy," or, "That's a great little kid." I heard them saying that. Some people talk good to your face. And Sid Bell is there and he says, "I want you to go six rounds today. That will be good before you loosen up."

I look down out of the ring at Stillman's and I hear Mr. Lou Stillman himself say, "Tell me, have you ever seen such a kid? Here he fought last night and he's back again. Yes, sir. A hard worker, a fine little kid."

Somebody else, and this man I don't know, says, "They say he is just a shoeshine boy, but last night he won the main event in the Garden."

My next two fights were with Fritzie Zivic. Everybody says what a dirty fighter he was. I don't say he was a dirty fighter. Everybody's got the right to protect himself in the ring the best he can. I'll let the fans who saw Fritzie Zivic fight me say whether he was a dirty fighter or not.

THIS FOR THAT

Sure, he caught the back of my head with one hand and held me while he hit me. I couldn't get away from him. So I said, "All right, I'll rough him back." And I went out and did what he was doing to me. I roughed him and bulled him all over the ring. So I won that 10. Then I fought him again and won again, this time in 12. And

after that fight this Fritzie Zivic, who everybody says is so dirty a fighter and mean, comes to me in my dressing room. And he says, "Beau Jack, you are the toughest and the strongest. You are the best I ever met. So keep training hard. You'll be beat—but by a better man than me."

So next they say they will now put me in there with Henry Armstrong. But I say I won't fight Henry Armstrong. "You afraid, Beau Jack?" they ask. I say, "No, I ain't afraid of Henry Armstrong or no one else." They want to know why I won't fight him. Is it that he's so old? But I say, "No, it ain't that. But Henry Armstrong is my ring idol, one of them, so I won't fight him. He's the only man in ring history who ever held three titles. How can I fight a man like that?" Then Henry Armstrong sent me a letter from the West Coast where he live. They read out loud to me this letter, and it says remember the time I train and spar with him before one of his fights. "I told you, Beau Jack," it says, "that you're a great little fighter, and may go far. But now, fight me. We are friends, yes, but in the ring all friendship ceases. . . ."

So after I listen to them reading this letter from Henry Armstrong, I say, "Yes, get him in the ring with me and I will fight him." And that night at Madison Square Garden I got in the ring and saw the little feller come at me, boxing and shaking. And that Henry Armstrong don't give you no chance to breathe in the ring and is all over you. But I cut Henry Armstrong over the eyes and after the fourth he couldn't see me. But when I saw how his eyes were bleeding I didn't want to hit him any more in the face. But I beat Henry Armstrong, the decision in 10 it was.

I'M THE CHAMP

I am not out of the Garden yet that night also when Henry Armstrong himself comes to me and says, "What did I tell you, Champ?" And Henry Armstrong asked me to go with him to a nice club where we could have steaks.

So the next night we had our steaks at Smalls, which is a famous place in Harlem for eating, also fun for those who want fun. And it was just as Henry Armstrong said. He had his steak, a great big one, and I also had a great big steak. Well, when people started coming into that club and saw us together talking and laughing at the same table, they were amazed. Many of them joined our table. Before you knew it there must have been maybe 10 or 14 people all sitting there at our table, arguing about who was best, Henry Armstrong or Beau Jack. In the end they all got so mad that they started yelling at one another and almost had some fist fights about it right there at our table. And that made Henry Armstrong and me laugh and joke louder than ever.

After I beat Henry Armstrong that time there was my first fight with Bob Montgomery. I don't yet know what was the matter with me. But Montgomery just seemed able to fight harder and better than me.

So he won my title away from me.

After a couple of more fights I win by knockouts, I lose in 10 to Bobby Ruffin. Why, I don't know. I just can't catch him. He had something I don't understand yet. But I am matched with Bob Montgomery and I don't worry. I know it will be the same as always. If I am in good shape, I will win. And I work day and night to get in fine shape. And I win that one easy. It was the easiest fight I ever had with Montgomery. All the way, I just one-two, one-two him and win back my title. Yet a few months later I go with Montgomery a third time and this time he win the fight and my title again. But the people still like me. They know I do my best at all times.

Next I am matched with Al (Bummy) Davis. Just before the fight my manager tells me, "He will fight you very dirty, this Bummy Davis. Watch out. He will try to knee you." So I go all the way that night, side to side, side to side, and Bummy can't knee me. Some say it was the best fight of my life. Some writers there wrote I should have fought Bob Montgomery that good and I would still be champ.

By then I am going in the Army. Whenever I ask what is happening to all my money I am told, "Don't worry. We are banking it for you, Beau Jack. It is all taken care of." And I don't worry, being such a well-liked little feller and they say how proud they are of the way I fight.

A HAIRY APE

Next after Davis I fight this Juan Zurita who has hairs all over his arms, his legs, his chest and his back. These hairs are as long as your finger and it is more like fighting a big monkey than any man. Juan Zurita also has the biggest, fattest legs I ever saw. All through the fight I keep looking at his long black hairs. But I don't look at them enough not to win the decision over him in 10.

It is soon after that I go into the Army at Fort Benning. It was after I came out of the Army I had the bad trouble with my leg. Even before the Army when I trained I sometimes felt a little pain in that leg. But I don't say nothing about it to Sid Bell as I think it will go away. And after the Army I was training one day in Chicago for a fight with Willie Joyce. That day I was boxing in the gym with Gene Buffalo,

continued on next page

FAMILY MAN Beau poses with wife Josephine and eight of their nine husky children. In background is the drive-in diner Beau Jack says he bought with his own money.

a welterweight who is fast as a featherweight. I threw a left hook at him and he spun me. That's when my knee popped.

It was broken and I couldn't fight for three months after that. But in February, 1947, I go good for the first three rounds with Tony Janiro in the Garden. Then in the fourth my knee popped again. I fell down without Janiro hitting me. It hurts bad but I gotta get up. The people have paid to see me fight. I get up when the ref says eight. I swing a couple of times, fall down. In the hospital they said my knee is broken in five places.

The papers say I am finished.

I was not finished.

DOWN—NOT OUT

And that Tony Janiro is sure a nice feller. He sent me a basket that must have had in it every kind of fruit, every kind of nut. It must have cost him 70 or 80 dollars, maybe more. I liked the fruits and all the nuts but what I liked best was a card Tony Janiro put in on top of the basket. This was like a birthday card. The picture on it showed a fighter down on his knees, with arms on the ropes, his head hanging over the ropes. And it said on the card, "Just because a fighter is down he don't have to stay down." And Tony Janiro wrote on it, "Get up, Beau Jack. You're a good fellow, Beau Jack. Get up, boy, so we can fight again. Best wishes, Tony Janiro."

I did get up, after my operation.

I did fight again. I fight plenty and I won plenty. I knocked out Jimmy Collins in two and Johnny Bratton in eight. I was the very first one ever to break Johnny Bratton's jaw. I lost to Terry Young. I beat Johnny Greco and after that the nice guy, Tony Janiro.

That gives me another chance at the lightweight title but I am away over the limit. But to get the chance at Ike Williams, who is then the champ like I was before, I took off 11 pounds in nine days.

I lost to Ike Williams that night because of that. And I also was having a little trouble at home. I was having wife trouble and with that on his mind a man can't fight good, can he?

But Ike Williams couldn't knock me out that night. He couldn't stop me. He didn't put me away and his knockout was only technical. People say Williams didn't want to knock me out. But he did and there was only one reason why he didn't: he couldn't put me away, and he sure would have if he could have.

The same thing was true when I lost to Kid Gavilan. I was still having this little trouble at home and couldn't fight like I could with no wife trouble. And today Kid Gavilan won't fight me no more. Ike Williams would never fight me again after that first time.

And to this day I have never quit or retired from the ring. I know I can be beat but I just don't believe it. Only a little while ago I fought the middleweight Eddie Green in an exhibition in South Carolina. You should have heard the screaming and hollering that crowd did for me. With the people I'm still a well-liked little feller.

OLD HOMESTEAD

Now for all this robbing they say was done to me, I ain't so bad off as some people think. I own this drive-in barbecue and soft-drink stand which cost me $8,000 and is gonna be a big success some day. I referee wrestling bouts once in a while and work as a second when they have fights over in Aiken, S.C. The people come to see me just being a second. They like me, the people still like me.

Besides the drive-in I own 32 acres of land and I grow peas, beans, greens just for the family. If my house don't look like so much it's because I was kinda short of cash when I got home from boxing up north. I'll build a new one for the family some day. It's cheaper, you see, than getting the old one fixed up.

But Mr. Roberts, Mr. Clifford Roberts, the head of the Augusta National Golf Club, he and Bowman Milligan took care of all the money I had left and they got me a $10,000 annuity that will take care of all my old age. Mr. Roberts and Bowman Milligan and Mr. Alvin McAuliffe—he's a businessman in real estate in Augusta—saw to it that I got all this that I have left, and I think they're the finest men who ever lived.

If I was robbed, I don't know who robbed me.

But today, they tell me, they have a new New York Athletic Commission who take care to see that us fighters get all the money that's coming to them. Maybe it was different when I was fighting. That's why I have to listen to all these people who keep saying I was robbed so bad. Maybe that's the way it should've been.

Then maybe everybody would finally stop talking about that and just remember how hard I always fought and was well liked for it by everybody who ever saw me go.

TV ANTENNA is modern improvement on old Jack home. Barrel contains fuel oil, water must be pumped by hand.

THE BANNER OF THE APPPFF, WITH STIRRING SYMBOLISM, FEATURES THE DOUBLE CROSS ON BLOOD-MARKED TOWEL

A CALL TO ARMS

The founder of the Association for the Protection of the Poor Put-upon Fight Fan welcomes new members and bids them join the cry for an overdue delousing

by BUDD SCHULBERG

IN A RECENT ACCOUNT of the Saxton-Gavilan Waltz Me Matilda, this corner suggested that, since the IBC had organized promoters from coast to coast and fight managers had a brace of warring guilds, maybe it was time the fans got into the act with an APPPFF, pronounced exactly the way it's spelled, with the middle P silent, as in Palermo when he is called upon to testify under oath. The APPPFF, you may remember, stands for the Association for the Protection of the Poor Put-upon Fight Fan. The banner of this new association is a coarse, white, rubdown towel, trimmed in red, symbolizing both the gore spilled by the gladiators for our enjoyment and the trimmings they get inside the ring and out. In the center is a cross, with an extra line transecting the horizontal. Any resemblance between this and a symbol of the old double cross is exactly what our own Betsy Ross had in mind. In the upper left-hand corner is a hand, and in the lower right corner another hand, signifying that reassuring Golden Rule of Eighth Avenue: "Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing and vice-a-voisa." Our anthem is that stirring marching song, *How Come You Do Us Like You Do, Do, Do?* Our musical director is working on a zingy choral arrangement of this for 40 million voices, to take the place of the individual, discordant squawks every time the beer outfits and that up-and-coming razor company palm off a turkey on us (like Olson-Panter) that no self-respecting fight fan would be caught dead at. And if that preposition is dangling, so are your fight fans.

SORRY, FELLOWS, IT'S NOT DEDUCTIBLE

Before our APPPFF gets out of hand and starts holding conventions and issuing resolutions, the founder would like to get in early with the warning that this is one organization that is not going to hold meetings, issue membership cards, elect officers, or charge dues. Sorry, fellows, you can't put the APPPFF down as a deductible item. We hope this won't come as a disappointment to those eager souls who have been writing in (they really have) expressing wholehearted agreement with a fans' protective society and wanting to sign up.

Well, it's deceptively easy to join the APPPFF. You simply go to fights or watch them on TV, search your hearts, consciences and knowledge of the game, and decide that you are an APPPFFer. The first requirement of an APPPFFer (it gets easier to say this after you've been one a few minutes) is that he has to be a true fight fan. He thinks boxing is not only the most exciting and dramatic but also the most exacting and perhaps most scientific sport we have. He knows there is something about two well-conditioned men facing each other on the square, fairly matched in punching power, courage, endurance and skill, that makes fist fighting the most basic, compelling and suspenseful game of all. When the science and punching power are merged in one fighter—Benny Leonard, Ray Robinson—you have greatness in the ring, boxing as it is meant to be.

In other words the last F in the APPPFF stands for fan, in a big way, a die-hard lover of the sport who doesn't want to see it outlawed and abolished, as some six readers have urged upon learning of the touching Carbo-Palermo friendship and the way in which "rival" fighters are controlled by individual piecemen, encouraged or tolerated by promoters and boxing commissioners. An APPPFFer believes that fist fighting is so deeply in our

continued on next page

blood or in our culture that its prohibition would have no more effect than that hectic experiment of Mr. Volstead in the gin-kissed 20s. Some of the old parties in the APPPFF even recall that boxing was officially abolished in New York until the Walker

MEMBERSHIP CARD, which Founder Schulberg isn't issuing, might look like this.

Law did for boxing what the 21st Amendment did for another great American indoor sport. Forty years ago bootleg boxing flourished in fistic equivalents of speak-easies. You went up to a window at the Denox or the Pioneer (or a score of others) and you purchased not a ticket, but a one-night membership in the club which happened to have on its agenda that night a program of boxing. Purses were paltry, receipts were swiped, 16-year-old featherweights were tossed in with tough middleweights, medical care was considered an unnecessary refinement, and hoodlums exerted a direct influence on the proceedings. One boxer I know of staggered back to his drafty dressing room to discover that he had been stabbed in the back on his way out of the ring.

BACK-STABBING IS MORE SANITARY

Of course boxers are stabbed in the back these days too. But in a more sanitary way. Sidetracking the logical contender (Basilio today, or Archie Moore five years ago) in favor of a ballyhooed stiff is the bloodless sort of back stabbing at which the modern fight game excels. It may be an improvement on the old uncontrolled, blood-pit days. But an APPPFFer asks more. At the risk of being called a dirty name, like naïve, he says:

"If you're going to sell this to us as a sport, run it as a sport. No one says don't run it for money. There's plenty of the mazuma to be made legitimately in our great American professional sports—baseball, football, horse racing. Today, when arena boxing is vanishing from the American scene, there is a television public of unprecedented millions eager to embrace the sport. Razor companies and brewers wouldn't give their public faulty blades or sour beer. They should be careful not to sponsor boxing matches which are the equivalent of flawed products."

Since state athletic commissions are inevitably stacked with politicians, maybe a federal boxing administrator is in order. New York's Senator Irving Ives and Commissioner Bob (I-thought-I-cleaned-'em-out) Christenberry are among those who have spoken up for this reform. The APPPFF isn't for more organizations and investigations just for the sake of those big black headlines. It has seen investigations and investigators come and go, leaving behind them the same old mudholes. The APPPFF doesn't care how it's done, but it wants to believe in its champions, as ball fans believe in and —let's say it—are inspired by the pure, professional play of a Willie Mays, a Peewee Reese. When tempted to applaud the off-again-on-again Lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter for relieving Paddy De Marco of his title in a sharp performance last week, the APPPFF can't quite erase his previous lackluster evenings against Paddy and Lauro Salas, a couple of ordinary boys to whom he blew the title on nights when he wasn't in the mood. He wins it back each time with an ease that makes us wonder.

The APPPFF is for photogenic Jim Norris devoting himself to some fistic hygienics in the interests of the fans who do not, in the strict sense, support him but certainly further enrich him. And if that is too much to ask, we invoke our friend Jimmy Cannon's open letter to Tom Dewey, who may be remembered as having run for office, sometimes successfully, on a number of occasions. Jim, a charter member, maybe even a founding father of the APPPFF, Uninco, wrote the Gov. as follows:

"I'd set up a special commission to go right to work on the fight racket—if it's going to be sanctioned I think it should be run properly. It can't be unless you step in and order it ransacked by trained investigators."

Investigations, federal action—why not? But, meanwhile, when you watch those fights, good, bad and indecent, you might harken to the advice of Henry Thoreau, a fellow who never subscribed to *Ring Magazine* (thereby missing a good deal), but still had something to say to the APPPFF:

A citizen should never resign his conscience to the legislator.

The APPPFF welcomes new members. But remember now—no dues, no membership certificates, no funny hats —all you have to be is a fight fan who thinks the game is ready for its bicentennial delousing. Members are expected to provide their own spray guns and to go into action at their own risk.

"I always thought the first round was just for feeling each other out."

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

It has been said that boxing cannot exist unless it does business with the underworld. What do you think?

GEORGE BARTON, Minneapolis, Minn.
Past President, NBA

"Boxing will not survive unless the underworld characters who control the principal fighters are eliminated. Only J. Edgar Hoover can do this. I'm certain that the NBA and the N.Y. Athletic Commission, affiliated in a working agreement, can't, much as they have tried."

BILLY BOYETTE, Hadford, Ala.
Airman Second Class
USAF

"That's 100% correct. The underworld has a stranglehold on boxing. The fighter doesn't want to go crooked. He has to tie up with a *sub rosa* manager, usually a racketeer, to get an occasional fight. Lots of good fighters never get a chance because they won't tie up with these characters."

WILL YOLEN, Westport, Conn.
Writer

"I'm suspicious of boxing outside of New York. That 'Philadelphia Story' still stinks. I think boxing is clean in New York. I have faith in Bob Christenberry. As he himself said: 'What good does it do to bar a boxer or manager in New York when he will be welcomed elsewhere?' "

ARCH WARD
Chicago *Tribune*
Sports editor

"Most of the squawking comes from fans who disagree with decisions of referees. These decisions are matters of human judgment. The Chicago Bears lost a game because of an error in judgment. The important angle is whether boxing bouts are honest. There's no evidence to the contrary."

MICHAEL PALLAS, Chicago, Ill.
Photographer

"It's true. You can't call a man like Jim Norris a racketeer. But he doesn't control the big boxers. He has to go to the managers to stage bouts. Some of them are racketeers with criminal records. The fact that Norris goes to them keeps them in business. It's nothing to be proud of."

STANLEY AARONSON, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Counterman

"I think boxing is crooked. I'm sure some fights are fixed. Take the one between Lane and Zulueta. Lane was the underdog, 5-1. All the sportswriters gave the verdict to Zulueta. But Lane won. The best name I've heard to describe this crooked gang is 'Tentacles, Inc.' "

SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER,
Ex-crime investigator for U.S. Senate

"That's wrong. Our investigation showed that while there were some underground people in a small segment of boxing, we did not find boxing racket-ridden. Furthermore, it is a sport that promoters know must be kept clean if it is not to be legislated out of business."

NAT LEO FLEISCHER, Newton, Mass.
Meat wholesaler

"I think there are some undesirable characters in boxing. But their numbers and activities are greatly exaggerated. Boxing is a small activity, constantly in the limelight and under scrutiny. Scandals are magnified. But a bad apple can spoil a barrel. And a few crooks can kill boxing."

continued on next page

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HOTBOX *continued from page 33*

JAMES A. FARLEY, New York, N.Y.

Former U.S. Postmaster General

"The N.Y. State Athletic Commission in the regimes of William Muldoon, Justice George E. Brower, Gen. John J. Phelan and myself barred fighters supposed to be controlled by racketeers. We were usually upheld in other states. But now when they are barred they can fight elsewhere."

RAY R. MILLER, Flushing, N.Y.

State boxing referee

"It's not true. I was a pro boxer from 1925-32. Boxing is no more crooked than baseball and basketball. I go to many father-and-son dinners, where son followed father in boxing. They're invited to speak to the kids. They certainly wouldn't be if they were controlled by the underworld."

DAGMAR NORDSTROM, New York, N.Y.

Pianist-composer

"I love boxing. I've heard that racketeers control the bouts, but who can prove it? I know that Hymie (The Mink) Wollman has a stable of fighters. But this is his hobby. He loses money and he can afford to. He is a millionaire mink specialist, and this is one of the things he likes to do."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

The President of the New York Touchdown Club says that the higher the scholastic standing of a college, the poorer the football team. Do you agree?

THUMBS DOWN ON THE ONE PLATOON

An outraged cry for an "agonizing reappraisal" comes from an expert on the two platoon game: Biggie Munn, athletic director of Michigan State

by CLARENCE L. MUNN

THE rule makers have chased the good little man out of college football. That is the only conclusion possible after watching college football this fall. One-platoon rules have forced a return to the big man, the 220-pound lineman who can withstand the pounding of two-way football. The average guard or tackle just cannot absorb the punishment of both offensive and defensive play and retain the quickness which earned him a place in the platoon game.

Once again, when an alumnus recommends a high school star, college coaches are asking the question: "How big is he?" Size is the first consideration. We're headed back to a college game reserved for a comparative few big men of exceptional physical qualities. And good big men capable of playing two-way football are hard to find, particularly when almost all high schools still play platoon football. A college coach cannot afford to pass up any big boy who looks as though he may be a two-way performer, and he will need a squad of between 80 and 100 freshmen recruits to find the 12 to 15 two-way players he has to have each fall to build and keep a winning team.

In two-platoon football, only 40 to 50 high school standouts were needed to find the 12 to 15 who could play either offense or defense.

LOSING THIS CHANCE

The good little high school player is losing his chance to play college football. This is happening at a time when more high schools than ever are playing the game and graduating each fall more boys who would like to play in college as well.

Lest anyone mistake these words as an alibi for Michigan State's defeats this fall, let it be understood that Michigan State will make its adjustment to the one-platoon game and we'll win our share, perhaps even a few more. But we at Michigan State are definitely sympathetic toward a style of football which permits a place for the good little man who can contribute speed, quickness and desire to the game. We're genuinely sorry to see that little man chased to the sidelines by a rules change. We don't think it is in the interest of football as a spectator sport or that it is in keeping with the philosophy of college athletics.

The finest days of my coaching life came here at Michigan State when we developed the platoon system to a degree that allowed the use of small linemen. It was a pleasure to watch 175-pound guards and tackles play big-college football by using speed, quickness and desire to overcome the natural advantages of the 220-pound opponent. By using these small guards and tackles—in effect we were playing four guards—we were able to develop our version of multiple offense, a system of attack that stressed deception and maneuverability. We played the "big game" on offense, the all-out game that presented exciting football to the fans. We were able to use the little man on defense too—the 175-pounders who loved combat and fought like tigers against bigger opponents. In some games we were able to play as many as 60 boys. This year, against Notre Dame, we used only 25 and Notre Dame played only 19. We were able to award 49 letters in 1952. That number will be cut in half in another year or so.

A boy doesn't practice all week just to sit on the bench on Saturday. How can anyone condone a system of play which reduces the number of participants? Squads will become smaller as coaches concentrate more coaching on fewer boys. To teach offense and defense effectively, coaches will have to eliminate those boys who do not measure up to two-way football. Is this what we want in our modern educational system?

SLOW-MOTION FOOTBALL

Also, we are headed back to slow-motion football. There is only time to teach the rudiments of offense and defense. More than ever the school with the big horses will dominate. Raw physical ability will be the premium in a game of simple offense and defense. In contrast, two-platoon football was an intriguing game of new ideas and developments. It was a game of imagination—more new ideas were developed in the two-platoon football days than during any like period in the history of the game. If the present trend prevails, I fear that the fans will in time be forced to look to professional football for new ideas, for action, for the "big game."

It continues to amaze me that many college people opposed a system of

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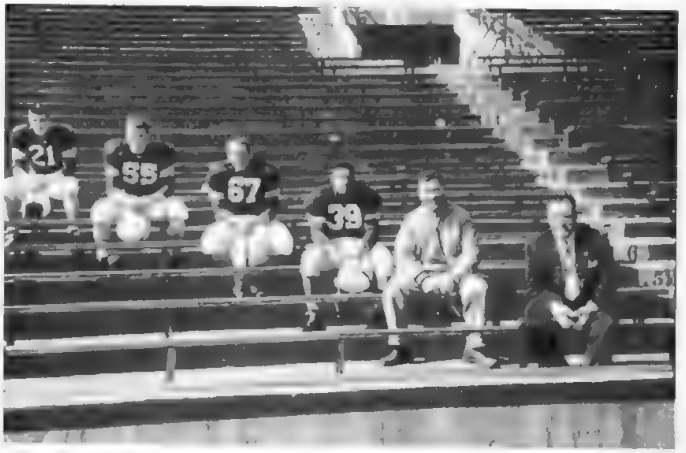

BRAIN AND BRAWN TRUST of Michigan State includes Biggie Munn (*right*), Coach Hugh Daugherty, LeRoy Bolden, Henry Bullough, Ferris Hallmark, Earl Morall.

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football that alleviated many of the evils they decried and sought a return of a style of game that emphasized the very ills they had criticized for years. Every argument used by the proponents of one-platoon football has been disproved in practice. Small colleges have not been helped. Many need two-platoon football to survive.

Take the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association, for example. This high-ranking small-college conference of schools with enrollments between 500 and 1,200 unanimously agreed this fall to use a league rule allowing players to return not only in the last four minutes of the second and fourth periods but also in the final four minutes of the first and third quarters. I understand they may return to platoon football next year for league games.

LESS THAN ENOUGH TALENT

The small colleges are learning that big colleges are grabbing more high school talent than ever before in the search for all possible two-way players. There is less than enough two-way talent left for the small schools. Costs have not been reduced. As for injuries, this season is showing that injuries do increase markedly when players perform both on offense and defense. Just study the list of players sidelined this season because they were hurt playing. When the season is finished, the majority of coaches will admit that injuries were fewer under two-platoon football. That is a consideration which cannot be overemphasized.

One-platoon football is not easier to follow for the fans; in fact, it is more difficult than ever with players being jockeyed in and out of the game at the end of the first and third quarters and again at the four-minute mark in the second and fourth periods. The game is turning into a substitution battle of wits between coaches.

Now a coach must use his brain power to substitute correctly, making certain that he can get his best defensive players in the game at the proper time and yet still have offensive players eligible to return when the ball changes hands.

Is this what they meant by "turning the game back to the boys"? Pure nonsense! The maneuvering of substitutes now is more important than watching the game. It is time for that "agonizing reappraisal."

See next week's issue for a rebuttal by Biggie Munn's old friend, Herman Hickman

THE RATTLING ANTLERS

Texas hunters lure their deer by simulating bucks fighting over does

by HART STILWELL

THE DEER hunter is traditionally a silent operator. He has to be if he expects to get game. If he takes a stand at a water hole or a crossing, he sits still and makes no noise. If he sets out to walk up a buck, he moves as quietly as a lion stalking its prey.

But it isn't that way in the mesquite and blackbush belt extending across most of south Texas and on into Mexico. Here the deer hunter waits for the first severe cold wave which will start the deer "running," as Texans term the rutting season. He sets forth with a pair of antlers which he probably inherited from his father. And he proceeds to make noise—plenty of it.

He bangs the antlers together, imitating the sound of two bucks fighting. Any buck in the grip of love will become interested at once. Bucks fight one another for the favors of does, which is probably a sound arrangement, since the strongest and healthiest win and sire the next generation. So the buck in love takes off to see about that fight, figuring he might steal the little doe away even if he can't whip the fighting bucks. For his curiosity, he gets shot.

NORTHWARD—A MYSTERY

It's an old, proved, popular method of hunting in the mesquite and blackbush belt. But go 200 miles north, into the oak-covered hill country, then travel any direction you wish except south and you will find nowhere any rattling for deer.

Why?

I've talked to hundreds of hunters trying to figure this one out and I'm still not certain of the reason. I've even checked with the game departments in every state where there are whitetail deer. In only two or three western states had the game-department men even heard of serious attempts to rattle up deer. Some had never heard of rattling at all, and some had thought it was a gag.

"It won't work here," was the almost unanimous verdict. But some said the conventional deer calls, gadgets imitating the call of a lovesick doe, frequently do work. Some states even consider such calls unfair to deer and outlaw them, Texas being among those that ban the doe calls because they work too well.

The ban is probably unnecessary. Such calls, particularly the popular type with a rubber band stretched across a tube, can be effective at times in the hands of an artist at calling. But, like the bark horn used to call moose, and the various fox calls and even the best of duck calls, the deer call in the hands of the average hunter probably scares away more game than it attracts.

As one veteran guide phrased it, "You get the doggone thing low and soft enough to sound right and a buck can't hear it. You make it loud enough for him to hear and he knows it's phony."

It isn't that way with rattling antlers. Naturally a veteran hunter develops a certain degree of artistry. I've watched demonstrations of real skill and seen the results. The expert holds the antlers with prongs facing, slaps them together, twists them a couple of times sharply and snaps them apart. Then he waits a while before rattling again. Maybe while waiting he will scrape an antler against some brush and then bang the antler on the ground, giving the impression that hell is really breaking loose.

A BUCK IN SECONDS

Yet the rankest dub might go out and bang the horns together and be astounded to see a big buck coming at him in a matter of seconds. A woman hunter called in a buck by beating two dry sticks together. Rattling is actually one of the easiest wild-animal calls to master, and one of the most effective if everything is right, which means the early stages of the rutting season, cold weather and a shortage of does.

The bucks answer then—sometimes in strange ways. Most keep their self-control, advancing cautiously, from cover to cover, stopping to watch, listen and smell. A buck may move up within 15 or 20 feet of a hunter if he remains still—then the buck may scare the hunter half to death by letting go with a whistling snort and bounding away.

Some bucks come on the run, barging in unexpectedly, and some come slowly, deliberately and belligerently, like a bull advancing to battle. Such a deer may keep advancing even after he is fired at. Love does strange things to deer as well as to human beings.

The mystery, then, is why rattling won't work everywhere. Perhaps the best answer is that in many states the hunting season comes before the rutting season. A buck that's not in love isn't interested in somebody else's fight. And in many areas, such as the Texas hill country, there is a big surplus of does. Why go fight over some other buck's doe when you already have a private harem too big to handle?

FISHING BY CYBERNETICS

When Leon Adams got fed up with his bad luck in striper fishing around San Francisco Bay, he installed an International Business Machines tabulator to help out. The result: ten years' data filed on IBM cards, an unbeatable system and a Fish-of-the-Week Club to help dispose of his striper surplus

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

by FRANK CAMERON

IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY, in its adjacent waters, and in the sprawling 480-square-mile inland delta of the Sacramento-San Joaquin rivers, a multistriped, white-bellied fish known as the striped bass furnishes more wholesome frustrations and clean fun than the 200,000 anglers who yearly go after it can shake a jointed rod at. The most dedicated of these fishermen is 49-year-old Leon David Adams. Almost every Saturday since 1936, Adams exchanged his troubles as Secretary of San Francisco's Wine Institute for those of striped-bass fishing. The most pronounced of his fishing troubles has been—and still is—an unending search for a monstrous bass which dominates his dreams and which he has named Gwendolyn. If ever Adams and Gwendolyn do meet, an IBM tabulating machine will deserve much credit for bringing them together.

Eighteen years ago, shortly after beginning his Wine Institute career, Adams was a typical suburb-dwelling young husband and the father of two sons. His chief recreation was thrice-a-week handball. One day he injured his foot at play and turned to striper fishing. An incurably logical man who thought that if, as in handball, you followed certain rules and acquired certain skills, the result would be a score, he went to the books and the old-timers to learn about fishing and was distressed to find that they contradicted themselves and each other. When, in addition, he caught few or no fish, he determined to explore the subject thoroughly and find the rules himself.

He began this project with a routine that has altered little since. Every Saturday morning he arises at 4 a.m. and at 5 joins his brother, Emil, and his guests at some appointed rendezvous. By 6 all hands set out in his boat, the *Fishfinder*, and fish until after sunset.

His first discovery was the common knowledge that stripers are migratory. In California large numbers of them spend their summers in the salty waters of the San Francisco Bay area. In winter they swarm into the fresh and brackish delta where they have a thousand-mile watery labyrinth in which to roam and spawn.

COLLECTING DATA from detailed questionnaires he handed to fishermen, Adams works late at night transferring the information to his log, from which it eventually goes to IBM cards. He once worked 60 hours a week at this chore.

THE DELTA COMPLEX

This delta complex, which Adams explored with a tyro's enthusiasm, is formed by several rivers, chiefly the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. Within its network, the California Department of Fish and Game guesses that 15,000 craft, from yachts to skiffs, get in each other's way on a fine weekend, chiefly to fish for stripers. Originally this delta was a swamp. Man has now tidily sorted it out into 50 major islands, separated by channels and a maze of sloughs. The islands are rich in asparagus and celery; the sloughs are rich in striped bass.

To record the *Fishfinder's* findings, Adams kept a log. To supplement the log, he mimeographed penny postal-card questionnaires asking fellow fishermen for details on catches He handed out many. He got back few. He discarded the cards as a failure.

He next designed a running tally sheet. Like the cards, this also asked for dates, places, number of fish per man, tide conditions, bait, etc. He shamelessly pressed them on any fishermen who showed the faintest interest. He also resorted to strategies he is re-

LEON ADAMS HITS A STRIPER AT ONE OF THE HUNDRED-ODD SPOTS ON WHICH HE HAS AMASSED INFORMATION OVER SEVERAL YEARS

luctant to discuss. For example, it is no coincidence that Adams' data on the Point San Quentin bass runs is remarkably complete. If one of *your* fishing cronies was a San Quentin prison official who could assign a trusty to a full-time canvass of fishermen on the near-by rocks and piers, your tally sheets, too, would be as full as a debutante's dance program.

But that was only one source. Like a kid hunting bait, Adams grubbed for answers everywhere, leaving no informative stone unturned. He studied and pared all scraps of striper news from rod-and-gun columns in Bay area papers. He encouraged each chance acquaintance in the striper fraternity to phone him reports. He checked with resort operators, amassed tide tables, quizzed the bait shops, and drained the state Fish and Game Department of its biological striper lore.

As the months passed into years, Adams' fishing improved and his data grew into a mountainous 5,418 days of fishing fact and experience. This he tried to classify and give meaning to in ways of his own devising. Sometimes his striper study added 50 or 60 hours to his week and often it was 4 a.m. when Adams went to bed.

There came a dawn in 1946 when Adams awoke to a day on which splendid ideas were born. The Wine Institute had installed an IBM tabulating machine to compile the results of a marketing survey. This gave Adams his cue. Here was the pot in which he could stew his fish facts, skim off such fatty nonsense as the stage of the moon and the effects of muddy water, leaving some clear conclusions.

TAKE A CARD

That very night, with the help of his teen-age sons, Jerry and Brian, Adams began transferring all his bass lore onto IBM cards.

The transfer to IBM cards took about two years. Adams divided the area into almost 100 localities, each with a coded number (e.g., the Rio Vista district was designated 0-4-5; Mission Rock in San Francisco Bay, 0-2-2, etc.). For each of these localities, he punched a card for each week of the 10-year period during which they had been studied. The cards noted date, place and other data plus Adams' own evaluation of the recorded catch (e.g., Grade 1 was no fish; Grade 5, the highest, was three or more fish per man per day).

Then one day in April 1948, Adams asked his robot where he should fish tomorrow. Out of the tabulator came the reply: localities 0-1-0 (the San Pablo Bay waters off Hamilton Field) and 0-5-6.

He chose 0-5-6, an area around Venice Island in the San Joaquin River. It supported the iron kibitzer's advice in convincing fashion by yielding seven fish (taken among three men) including a 15-pounder.

The system continued to work well. In 1948, to cite a typical year, Adams made a total of 49 trips with an aver-

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ANOTHER LANDED BASS proves the soundness of Adams' information, some of which came from observers at San Quentin.

age of 3½ persons aboard. While a four-fifth man is often a nuisance around a boat, he and the other three caught approximately 9⅞ bass per trip amounting to an annual total of 474 fish for the *Fishfinder*. Also, in one 23½ month period, between January 1951 and December 1952, the *Fishfinder* made 98 consecutive trips without once being skunked.

THE FISH-FINDER

Meanwhile Adams unnecessarily bolstered his theoretical findings by tabulating the results of 2,000 party-boat reports which, by law, are made to the California Department of Fish and Game. Then from all sources he compiled a fish-finding calendar of the entire Bay delta, showing week by week throughout the year where fishing is poor, average and good. This is the most popular feature of his book, published last year, *Striped Bass Fishing in California and Oregon*.

Adams' consistent success is not strictly a triumph of either man over the machine or the machine over fish. While either the tabulator or his fish-finding calendar can tip him off to the most likely spot in any given week, once there the fish must still be caught. This means trial and error in anchorages, lures and rigs. To allow for these variations, he solicits all last-minute local advice. He also looks for such indexes as tide rips and the activities of gulls, pelicans and "sea pigeons." Then, if all else fails, he does what you or I would do and anchors a courteous distance from the nearest excited angler with the arched rod who is hauling in the fish to beat hell.

While Adams openly admits he is an occasional follower of the other fellow's luck, more often it is he who is followed. His ethic in this case is the Golden Rule, but with two exceptions. Both are secret, one-boat striper holes that exist over small shrimp beds. Any guest he takes to these must swear himself to silence.

One September Saturday in 1951, Adams felt the *Fishfinder* was being spied upon through binoculars as they fished a secret spot. When he returned on Sunday he found his fears confirmed. "Success of day before attracted at least a hundred boats," he wrote testily in his log. "Thick as flies."

Besides his brother Emil, a favored companion with whom Adams habitually exchanges fish secrets, is Dr. Charles Pierre Mathé, another expert angler and one of the West's most distinguished surgeons. This latter skill makes him invaluable for filleting a sardine for bait or cutting open a striper. He tops these accomplishments by being a gourmet who totes aboard self-prepared snacks for all hands at which not even a "21" luncher could sneer: sandwiches of Sacramento pike *au pecheur, omelette aux champignons*, fruitcake, and a Château d'Yquem of an impressive year.

The stripers themselves are undiscriminating eaters. For one trip Mathé prepared frogs' legs *provençale*. As the party munched their way through these with rods overside, the bass started biting. After half a dozen or so had been landed, Mathé made a few quick incisions and found that all had been feeding on frog-leg bones. Following that lunch, Adams lit up a Havana cigar, tossing over the side the metal tube in which it came. Within minutes after this he landed a 10-pound striper on which Mathé operated, extracting the metal cigar container.

In achieving his angling reputation, Adams has passed tests that would find lesser sportsmen, toddy in hand, thinking beautiful fish thoughts beside a roaring fireplace. He goes out in winter when cold fog envelops the delta, shod in fleece-lined boots, his hands mittened against the ice-coated reel. Only two dates are liable to keep him home. One is Christmas; the other, his wife's birthday.

FISH FOR EVERYBODY

Such relentlessness produces more fish than any one striper fancier can eat. To cope with the surplus, Adams has his Fish-of-the-Week Club, a bland mixture of bass and public relations. As a matter of Monday-morning routine, he used to hand his secretary a mess of paper-wrapped fish. It was her chore to send these out to the next names up on the FOTW Club list, the larger fish going to the more important Wine Institute friends.

Until recently, when Adams resigned from the Wine Institute, this secretary was Eleanor Rittman. Last summer she found a way to avoid those scaly Monday mornings. In July she became Mrs. Leon Adams.

Three months before this—his second marriage—another event of great excitement took place in Adams' life. It happened on April 17 in an area called Santa Clara Shoals on the San Joaquin River. A monster fish grabbed Adams' 2 0 hook and started off downstream, stripping an old 27-pound-test nylon line off the reel so fast that it painfully burned Adams' thumb.

"Up anchor!" he cried to Emil.

For two and a half miles down the San Joaquin the leviathan fought a battle of give and take. After an hour's tug of war that left Adams limp, a whopping, 60-pound sturgeon allowed itself to be reeled alongside and brought into the boat.

Only 17 days earlier, sturgeon in California became legal take for the first time in 37 years. This combination of great fish and odd circumstance would have produced a marked euphoria in any other but an angler whose fish-finding heart belonged to striped bass. Said Adams wistfully as he gazed at the sturgeon hanging two inches taller than he, "I thought all the time it was Gwendolyn."

"Any luck?"

SPORT IN ART

THE TURKEY SHOOT

It was a purposeful part of the traditional preparations for Thanksgiving among Americans of the last century—and in some rural areas it still is

No sport could be more typically American than a turkey shoot. Ever since the Pilgrim fathers hunted the woods with blunderbusses our native bird has been a target for rural Nimrods. So when Charles Deas set about painting a typical American genre scene in 1836 he chose a shooting match for the Thanksgiving gobbler. It was a familiar sight to him in the Hudson River valley where he hunted, fished and sketched. The contestants and a kibitzing manservant cluster at the firing line while the hapless turkey stands a measured distance away. It was a jovial occasion of good fellowship, warmed by the little brown jug, with the winner taking home the holiday bird.

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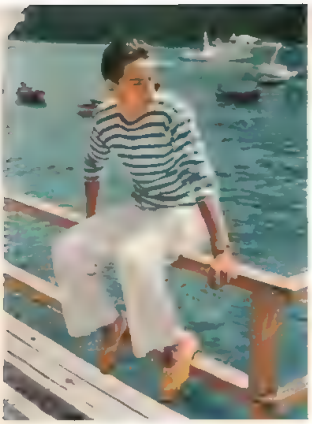

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

SPORTING LOOK

RIVIERA PLAY CLOTHES

The international gallery of sun lovers who play on the Cote d'Azur are famous for their beauty and style of dress in the water and out

SINCE Caesar's day, the Riviera has been the world's favorite playground. From St. Tropez to San Remo the sun spills over rocks and lemon trees into a sea so blue that the French have named their coast the Cote d'Azur. That same sun and sea have also made the Riviera the home of the world's most imaginative play clothes. This year at sun-baked Eden Roc, Monte Carlo and Portofino, sun-loving beauties from all over the world are wearing stripes and straws, brief Bikinis for bathing, cover-up shirts and trousers. This report on the Riviera, 1954, is also a preview of American resort clothes, 1955—for the continental influence on American sportswear is greater today than at any time since the 1920s.

◀Riviera straws and stripes: Gogo Schiaparelli Berenson and her daughters wear straw hats and striped trunks at Eden Roc. Above left: At Portofino, typical male dress-striped basque shirt, linen slacks, espadrilles.

The brief Bikini has become a Riviera classic in the years since the war. Here at Paraggi (Paradise) Beach, near fashionable Portofino, Roman beauty Gioia Tortina, 19, shows off hers while eating an apple in the sun.

Italian designer Emilio Pucci believes that women look beautiful in trousers. Proof: At Eden Roc, Mia d'Acquarone of Rome wears Pucci purple. At Monte Carlo (*above*), Heidi Beer and daughter Mitzi both wear Pucci pants, tailored shirts.

At Monte Carlo, a sun worshiper's private cabana — a collapsible striped canvas head rest and sunshade.

At Eden Roc, a Dior model, who calls herself "Lucky," wears playful raffia pony tail, straw earrings, fishnet Bikini. Her beach bag is bright red foam rubber.

More Riviera stripes and straws: 10-year-old Ulla Nelson of Sweden dries off in a terry poncho at Monte Carlo. Wet hairdo is typical . . . none of the girls wear bathing caps.

The blue middy shirt *(left)* is typical cover-up garb. Shirts are worn out, not in, and a cinched-in waist is rare. Even the Bikini is covered up with straw skirt after bathing.

AT HOME—WHERE TO PARK?

by JEROME WEIDMAN

With sports moving indoors, the Weidmans—like most Americans—have to find a place to put their car. "Dominick" is one—sob!—answer

IN 1945, when the war ended, my wife and I, who had been born and raised on city pavements, decided to try the country life. We settled on a farm in New York State's Dutchess County.

From the windows of our house you could see three mountain ranges. In the summer the strawberries that cost nothing to grow were as big as golf balls, and in the winter the skiing that cost nothing to get to started at our front door. Our infant sons thrived in the spectacular air. My work went beautifully. Our city-tense nerves relaxed until they resembled sagging clotheslines.

And after the first dazed year we got to hate every minute of it.

"I know what the trouble is," my wife said. "This place is too far from New York."

It wasn't too far from New York for our neighbors, some of whom had never even been to New York. Some of them had never worn shoes, either, but we won't go into that here. What my wife meant, of course, was that it was too far from New York for New Yorkers.

After trying for several days to make up a completely honest list of the things about New York that my wife and I missed because we were too far away from it and that could not in some way be reproduced in reasonably satisfactory substitute form up in Dutchess County, only two items survived: the theater, of which we were both fond, and Madison Square Garden, to which we used to go fairly regularly to see the fights and the unfixed basketball games.

"It's not much of a list," my wife said. "And it may not be enough to move back to New York for. But it's certainly enough to move *closer* to New York for."

So we left the three mountain ranges and the free skiing and we moved to a community that is one hour by car from the New York theater and Madison Square Garden. And in eight years we have been to the theater in New York exactly four times, and to Madison Square Garden twice.

It may be difficult to keep them down on the farm once they've seen Paree, and everything west of the Hudson may be camping out, but one thing with which you don't have to cope on the farm or when you're camping out is the parking problem.

My wife and I soon learned that, when we drove into New York to see a play or a fight, by the time we succeeded in parking the car we had missed either the first act or the first three rounds.

The car is still the lesser of two evils. But getting to a sporting event in a major arena by automobile has become a problem in logistics that makes the Lewis and Clark expedition seem like a trip to the corner drug store. However, just as slavery produced the Underground Railroad and Prohibition spawned the speakeasy, so the big city parking problem has developed a breed of minor but unique racketeers on the periphery of the sporting world.

A BOX AT THE CIRCUS

Several months ago my wife and I were offered, by a friend whose taste runs to events on which he can place bets, a box at Madison Square Garden for the circus. We declined with thanks. Our two small sons roared. Our friend stared at us as though we had suggested placing Mussolini's profile on the dollar bill.

"Don't you like the circus?" he asked.

"We like everything that happens in Madison Square Garden, even Liberace," my wife said. "It's just that we can't find a place to park."

Our friend's face cleared. He took a card from his pocket and handed it over.

"Try this place," he said.

I looked at the card. It advertised a parking lot in the 40s near the Garden.

"We've tried this place," I said. "It's always full up."

"I know," my friend said. "But just ask for LeRoy and tell him Dominick sent you."

"Who is Dominick?" I said.

"I don't know," my friend said. "That's what I was told to say the first time *I* went there."

On the appointed day, we set out for New York two and a half hours before the circus curtain, if the circus can be said to have a curtain, was scheduled to go up. Nevertheless, when we arrived at the parking lot, I could see there was not enough room left for a pogo stick. A short, thick, untrust-

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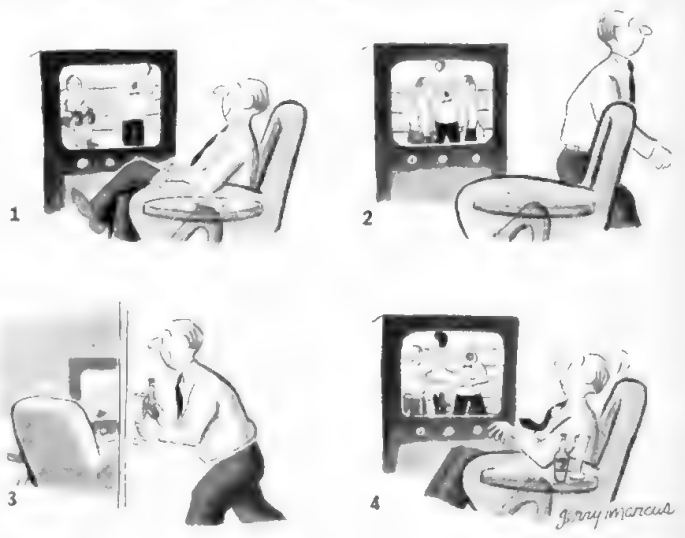

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worthy-looking man was standing at the gate, leaning on a sign that said "FULL" and staring at the passers-by as though he were trying to decide which one to have for his dinner that night. I pulled up to the curb.

"Pardon me," I said. "Could you tell me where I can find LeRoy?"

"Why do you want him?"

"Dominick sent me," I said.

The man pushed himself away from the sign and came across the sidewalk toward us.

"That'll be two bucks," he said. I gave him two dollars. He examined them as though he thought there was a distinct possibility that I had made them myself. "Drive around the corner," he said. "The lamppost in the middle of the block, on the left side. You'll see a fat guy in a cap. Tell him Dominick sent you."

'WE'RE GETTING CLOSER'

I drove around the corner. In the middle of the block, leaning against the lamppost on the left side of the street, was a fat man in a dirty corduroy cap. I pulled the car up to the curb beside him.

"Excuse me," I said. "Dominick sent me."

"Two bucks," the fat man said. I handed over my second two dollars. This man was either more trusting or gullible than his confederate. He thrust the money into his pocket without examination and jerked his thumb down the street. "Drive around the corner," he said. "There's a candy store near the Ninth Avenue corner. Guy in a leather jacket sitting outside on a bench. Tell him Dominick sent you."

"Well," my wife said as we turned into the next street, "we're getting closer."

I pulled up in front of a candy store near the Ninth Avenue corner. A man in a leather jacket got up from a bench and came toward us.

"Dominick sent me," I said.

"Two bucks," the man in the leather jacket said. I handed over two more dollars. "Okay," the man said. "Everybody out."

My wife and the children followed me out of the car. The man in the leather jacket slipped in behind the wheel.

"This circus thing, it's over around 5 o'clock, maybe a little later," he said as he put the car in gear. "You come back here 5:30 sharp, the car'll be waiting for you."

He tramped on the gas and disappeared around the corner into Ninth Avenue. We walked down the street to

Madison Square Garden and the circus. The children had a wonderful time. I didn't see any of it.

For the first time in eight years I found myself thinking about those strawberries that were as big as golf balls and the skiing that started at our front door, and the days when all we had to worry about was the fact that we were too far away from New York to get to Madison Square Garden. Now we were there, and while the show was on all I could think about was my car, which had disappeared around the corner into Ninth Avenue with a total stranger at the wheel. I was certain I would never see it again.

I was wrong.

At 5:30, when we reached the candy store, there it was, waiting at the curb. So was the man in the leather jacket. As we climbed into the car, he handed me a small batch of printed cards.

"You got any friends, they like to come in to see a show or the fights, something like that, and they can't find a place to park, give them one of these," he said. "All they gotta do, just say 'Dominick sent me.'"

And bring six dollars.

ANNIVERSARY

ECKIE'S LAST KICK

Walter Eckersall played his last football game for the University of Chicago 48 years ago this week. The 150-pound quarterback drop-kicked five field goals for 20 of the 38 points Chicago scored in drubbing Nebraska. After the game, admirers triumphantly carried from the field the man Walter Camp called the all-time All-American quarterback.

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FINE PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD, 86 PROOF

COLUMBIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE PYLE

THIS weekend a balding, bespectacled gentleman with the nose of a hawk and the title of Head Football Coach at Columbia University can afford to take it easy. With no game of his own, he may even go down to Philadelphia to watch Army play Navy. He knows both of these teams well, and philosophically, too. One of them beat him by 55 points; the other less but plenty. So did nearly everybody else (notable exception: Columbia 7, Harvard 6), but this did not greatly bother Lou Little. As he has most years, Little this fall had to fashion a Columbia team out of an assortment of undergraduates that would set a Big Ten coach quivering with job insecurity.

Not Lou. He long ago stopped worrying about his personal fortunes. With a 24 season record of 106 wins, 94 losses and 10 ties, Little is probably the most envied man in his "profession," not because of his record, which on the surface is not distinguished, but because of his university, which is. The pressure to win at all costs that makes many coaches' lives a hell on earth simply doesn't exist at Columbia.

A good sample of the kind of support Little gets came last year after a so-so season of four wins and five losses. Robert Harron, assistant to the president of the university, was approached in the Columbia Club by an aging football enthusiast who shook his head solemnly. "Pretty bad season," he muttered.

"We'll do better next year," Harron told him.

"We'd better," the old grad said grimly. "If we don't, Lou Little's liable to leave us for another school."

With that kind of backing it would be easy for most men to forget they ever had other ambitions. Not Lou Little. He still wishes, at the age of 61, that he had had enough sense to follow his original intention of studying medicine and becoming a country doctor.

"Coaching," he will tell you, "is something I wouldn't recommend to anyone. I tell my boys that if they're

TEACHER LITTLE shows Alex Giampetro exactly how to execute play.

GETS A LOT WITH A LITTLE

In his 25th year with the Lions, Lou has just ended one of his worst seasons. But he isn't worrying much—the admiring Columbia alumni probably will apologize to him

by WILLIAM PETERS

smart enough to get into Columbia, they have no business going into professional football or coaching. They ought to aim at something more productive and worthwhile like medicine, law or engineering."

Little does a great deal more than simply lecture to his boys. He exerts pressure in strong doses with the result —probably unique in college football— that more than half of a typical year's squad actually winds up in graduate or professional study of some kind. Little is particularly proud of his players who have become doctors. It's a sort of compensation for his own lapse.

THE WELL-ROUNDED MAN

But while Little preaches that the primary purpose of any college should be academic development, he doesn't underrate football and other competitive sports. "I think every college undergraduate should participate in some form of competitive activity," he said recently. "It's just not right for a student to go to college and not give something in return in the way of campus participation and leadership."

Part of the reason for the lack of pressure on Little is the fact that he is regarded at Columbia as a teacher rather than just a coach. That fits in fine with the Ivy League attitude toward intercollegiate athletics, which Little thinks is sensible.

"An athlete at Columbia has to be a student first," Lou says approvingly. "If he wants to go out for football or some other sport, he may, but only if he meets all the scholastic requirements. There are no 'snap' courses and no athletic scholarships."

For all the academic talk, though, the desire to win is probably as strong in Little as in any man alive. He disagrees violently with the practitioners of sport who believe in teaching athletes to lose gracefully and thinks a man who doesn't mind losing is a fool. "I want my boys to hate losing," he says, "hate it enough to force themselves to work harder to win." And Columbia players do.

In 1930, his first year at Columbia, Little's team was swamped by Dartmouth by a score of 52-0. Little spent no time sympathizing with his players after that drubbing. He told them they now had one great objective. "For the next 12 months," he said, "you are going to be thinking about next year's Dartmouth game. Don't ever forget it." The next year, with virtually the same line-ups competing, Columbia beat Dartmouth 19-6.

STRATEGIST LITTLE smiles confidently at start of 1954 Army game at Baker Field. For what happened next, turn page.

The high spot of Lou Little's career at Columbia came on New Year's Day, 1934, four years after he had left Georgetown University to take over what was then considered an impossible team. Columbia's doleful record had been outstanding chiefly for the insignificance of the teams that had trampled it. Even Percy Haughton, the Harvard immortal, had encountered great difficulties at Columbia. In Little's first year, with only a few really good players, Columbia won five and lost four. But for the next three years the Lions lost only one game a year and Columbia men were in heaven.

At the end of the 1933 season, for reasons that forever will remain a mystery, Columbia was selected to play in the Rose Bowl against Stanford. The Lions had lost once—to undefeated Princeton—but the rest of their opponents were considered fairly soft touches. The press yelled murder and accused Stanford of purposely choosing the weakest team it could legitimately make mincemeat of.

What happened to Stanford and the piteous protestations of sportswriters is one of football's famous stories. Little talked and lived football for weeks and his terrific competitive zeal enveloped the team. The players were in a trance and the core of their lives was one play—now legendary—called KF-79. The team went over it again and again for days—until Al Barabas, a sophomore from New Jersey, the key man, had perfected a fake.

Columbia's chance came at the end of the first half after Tony Matal caught a pass that put the Lions on Stanford's 17-yard line. KF-79 was unveiled, Barabas dashed across to score, and the hopped-up defenses, creaking and crumbling at times, managed to hang on through the second half to preserve Columbia's great 7-0 upset win.

People who know Lou Little well claim that Rose Bowl victory demonstrated some pretty basic things about him: his fantastic drive to win, his attention to detail and his striving for perfection. Sid Luckman, who with Paul Governali, Gene Rossides and Mitchell Price made up the four finest passers Little ever coached at Columbia, used to turn up regularly at Columbia's Baker Field when the Chicago Bears came east for a game. "Nobody's watching the little details anymore," he complained to Lou. "Would you mind watching me throw a few?"

IN THE BEGINNING

Lou Little was born in Boston and grew up in a strong Roman Catholic family in Leominster, Mass., where his father was a contractor. Lou was always interested in athletics and played football, basketball and baseball at Leominster High.

After graduation, he registered for a premedical course at the University

continued on next page

TENSE Little hopefully looks for big break early in first half of Army game.

PENSIVE Little mulls brewed estimates of strategy on field as the game unfolds.

EXCITED Little is full of fight during brief uprising midway in second quarter.

LOU LITTLE *continued from page 53*

of Vermont and stayed there two years before By Dickson, one of the coaches at the University of Pennsylvania, urged him to transfer to Penn.

With his switch in colleges, Lou changed his major, too, from medicine to dentistry, but that didn't work out well. Little, being left-handed, had all kinds of trouble coping with the right-handed dental school equipment. But he did play football. "Making a good team in big-time competition was a real thrill," he says. "The Cornell game was always our big one of the year and that year we beat them 23 3. The newspaper accounts of the game mentioned that I had played a good game, and that, for me, was it."

In the spring of 1917, Little went off to war and two years later, by then a captain, decided to remain in the Army as a career officer. But the call of athletics was too much for him. Bert Bell, a former teammate at Penn and today Commissioner of the National Football League, wrote Lou that all the boys were coming back for their senior year and they needed him. That was all it took. He resigned his commission and boarded a train east.

That year was one of the roughest in intercollegiate football history. Colleges all over America were filled with older, tougher men who had seen action in the war. Little won national recognition as a busy and aggressive tackle. He also gave up left-handed dentistry for a straight liberal arts course. When the season was over, he lost interest in school and dropped out before getting his degree.

After a brief try at selling bonds, Little went back to football, coaching and playing pro ball. In 1924 he became head football coach at Georgetown and soon he was also named Director of Athletics there. The football world first took notice of him as a coach in 1928 when his Georgetown eleven scored a stunning upset over heavily favored New York University in New York's Yankee Stadium, 7 2.

The game brought Little job offers from Penn and Columbia. Columbia won out, and in 1930 he started coaching the Lions at a reported salary of $17,500 a year, the highest of any college football coach in the country.

Through the years, Little's one real trademark—other than his highly imaginative offenses—has been his ability to score staggering upsets against highly favored foes. Stanford was the first great one. The most recent came in 1947, when another supposedly woefully inept Columbia team ended Army's string of 32 consecutive unbeaten games in a thriller, 21–20.

FOGHORN LOU

People who have watched a Columbia team practice are frequently surprised to see Lou Little step in to demonstrate a block with all of the aggressiveness and vigor of his playing days. In all his years of playing, his only injuries were a broken wristbone and the loss of three teeth. As a coach, though, he has suffered a broken transverse process on one of his vertebrae, a hip injury that required two operations and the loss of a vocal cord, removed because of a cyst. Before the operation, his voice had the strength of a foghorn. It now has the sound of one.

Lou Little stands six feet two inches, weighs 220 pounds and gives the impression of a man whose body has never been out of peak condition. Handball in the winter months helps take care of that. Fishing and golfing in the summer give him a tanned, healthy look that is the envy of his former players who now work in offices. He is an exponent of moderation in most things; he smokes only four or five cigarets a day, drinks very little and rarely stays up late. Where eating is concerned, he is only moderately moderate. He can down a steak that would normally serve four.

If Little has any personal vice, it is probably clothes. Friends estimate that he must own 50 suits. He expects his players to dress as neatly, if not as extravagantly as he does, and the penalty for appearing at training table without a shave has often been the forfeit of a complimentary ticket to a New York Football Giants game.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid Little came in 1947 when Yale asked him to become its director of athletics and head football coach. Petrified at the thought of losing him, two prominent Columbia graduates—Major General William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan and New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan—arranged a meeting between Lou and General Eisenhower, who had been announced as incoming president of the university.

Nothing could have been better cal-

INCREDULOUS Little can hardly believe the awful tale his eyes now tell him.

APPALLED Little, who hates to lose, bows head and prepares for inevitable end.

DEJECTED Little walks away after inevitable has happened. Score: 67-12.

culated to change Little's mind. General Eisenhower shook his hand warmly and reminded him that they had once coached against each other in 1924 when Eisenhower's Fort Meade team played Georgetown. Little was amazed at Eisenhower's memory of the details of the game. Then, in a more serious vein, General Eisenhower told him that he had been one of the people with whom he had looked forward to working. "You aren't going to let me down, are you?" he asked. Little's ideas of leaving Columbia ended right there.

NO SILVER LINING

Since then, Columbia's best season was in 1951, when the Lions won five games and lost only three—not exactly the kind of record that sends football coaches into flights of ecstasy. This season has been his worst in a long while. Many of Little's admirers had hoped for something more fitting in the way of a tribute this year to commemorate his silver anniversary at Columbia.

But Lou Little's record will never be compiled in a record book, for he has been to the hundreds of boys who have played under him much more than coach. Any attempt to sum up his wins and losses will have to reckon with the effect he has had on the lives of those boys—now men—who knew him not only on the practice field and at the sidelines of a game but as a crusading taskmaster who called them into his office when their grades were slipping, who advised them on courses of study and who, in more than one case, literally preached them into a profession.

Of the 11 starters on the 1948 team, seven are now in the professions. Joe Karas, Gene Shekitka and John Nork are doctors. Rossides, the passing star of the 1947 Army upset, is a lawyer in New York. Henry Briggs, Clyde Hampton and John Olson are engineers. Of the remaining four, two—Bill Lockwood and Adam Rakowski—are businessmen. Only two are still in football. Charlie Klemovich is a prep school coach and Lou Kusserow plays professionally with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in the Canadian League. Columbia authorities hold that there is nothing unusual about the '48 team. It is representative of most. In a normal year an average of two players go into medicine, two into education and one each into engineering and law.

And this is Little's real record, the men who have gone on from Columbia College into graduate or professional schools and from there into worthwhile careers. Scattered throughout the country though they are, Little has never lost touch with the men who won their letters on his teams. Four times a year, he sits down and writes a letter to them all, sending news from Columbia, bringing them up to date with news of each other. Once a year, he sends each the addresses of all the others, urging them to keep in touch.

When the final score of Little's wins and losses at Columbia is added up, it will have to include a lot more than football games. And if his players of the past—his greatest rooting section—have anything to say about it, it will.

FINTAILED BRUTES, BUZZING HORNETS

The U.S. powerboat fraternity, growing ever larger, looks back on its liveliest season yet, with racing at a peak while everything from Gold Cup hydroplanes to the fast and sassy Class JU outboard stocks burn up the water

by MELVIN CROOK

STREAKING DOWN THE STRETCH IN A WELTER

AS THE U.S. powerboat season roared through its final weeks, racing enthusiasts could look back on the liveliest summer in the history of the sport. The American Power Boat Association reported at its annual meeting Nov 14 in New Orleans that 4,774 boats are now registered in its 34 competition classes, ranging from the tiny, class JU stock outboard runabouts to the unlimited inboard hydros up to 3,400 cu. inches of power plant and price tags up to $50,000.

The glamor boys of the racing fleet this year, as in the past, were the owners and drivers of these unlimited hydros, fin-tailed brutes that climax their season in the annual run for the speedboat Gold Cup. Rivalry is just as fierce among the thousands of entries in the lighter classes. For example, on a single day—Aug. 9—at the APBA one-mile speed trials at Seattle, 14 new world records were set. But for concentrated effort, expense and the sheer power of the individual entries, no other race can quite compare to the annual Gold Cup.

Under Cup rules, the race is held in the home city of the previous year's winner. Through 1950, Detroit had 16 of the 43 races. Then Stan Sayres of Seattle came into town with his *Slo-Mo-Shun-IV*, won handily, and headed for home with the trophy.

CRUSADERS AT SEATTLE

Since Sayres' victory, substantial fleets of Detroit challengers have made the long crusade to the shores of Lake Washington attempting, without success, to bring back the Cup (SI, Aug. 23). The intensity of their feeling and the quality of their fleet both reached a peak in 1954. Joseph Schoenith's brand-new *Gale IV* (driven by Bill Cantrell) and *Gale V* (handled by the owner's son Lee) were supported by a couple of one-year-olds: Horace Dodge's *My Sweetie Dora* (Jack Bartlow driving) and *Miss U.S.* (driven by owner George Simon).

Detroit's grand strategy was to send Cantrell to cover Lou Fageol in *Slo-Mo-V*. Schoenith and Simon were to stay with *Slo-Mo-IV*'s Joe Taggart. Seattle, on the other hand, planned to have Fageol and Taggart run a tight formation, driving almost hand-in-hand; and they stuck to their plan as long as Taggart's faltering power plant permitted him to keep the pace.

The two Westerners fought like fury to get both boats in front of the pack, then drove side by side, or in echelon, adjusting their formation so as to place a towering roostertail of water or a solid hull directly in the path of anyone who tried to pass. Detroit drivers did their best to break through, but when the 90-mile race was over, the Gold Cup was still in Seattle.

Following the Gold Cup, Fageol announced his retirement and Sayres pulled his boats out of competition for the remainder of the year. Fageol's departure from the Seattle team matched the earlier retirement from the Detroit ranks of Jack Schafer, owner of the *Such Crust* sisters, top contenders in previous races.

With Fageol and the *Mos* out, De-

GOLD CUP KING Stan Sayres (*center*) maintains his throne with the aid of drivers like Lou Fageol (*left*) and Stanley Dollar. Sayres' *Slo-Mo-IV* holds world record.

OF SPRAY, TWO LIGHT-CLASS OUTBOARD HYDROPLANES FIGHT FOR POSITION IN APBA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AT DE PERE, WIS.

troit got in a few licks of its own. Cantrell drove Schoenith's *Gale IV* to a two-out-of-three victory in the President's Cup at Washington, D.C., then moved to Elizabeth City, N.C., where he finished second behind Lee Schoenith and wound up with a victory in the Indiana Governor's Cup near Madison, Ind.

INVADERS AT MIAMI

While Detroiters spent their time planning a campaign against Seattle, a crew of crack Europeans were hatching plans to take the speedboat leadership away from the United States altogether. The International Grand Prix at Miami, Fla., where boats are allowed unlimited power plants but may weigh no more than 800 kilos (1763 lbs.), provided American drivers with a disturbing sample of the kind of performance they can expect from European challengers.

From Milan came Mario Verga, Ezio Selva, and Achille Castoldi, each equipped with a boat similar to our best prop-riding, three-point hydros, but powered with a specially built racing engine turned out by one of Italy's renowned builders of sports cars. The most potent contenders the U.S. could offer were the standard 266 cu.-in. inboard hydroplanes with hopped-up Mercury or DeSoto automobile engines. They were barely capable of 120 mph; the slowest of the Italians had been clocked at 121 mph abroad. The other two were credited with 140 and 150 mph respectively.

Verga won the race handily. Selva took third despite disqualification from one heat for jumping the gun. Castoldi placed fourth, even though he failed to finish one of the heats. Superb driving by Ray Gassner, 1954 National Champion in the regular 266 cu.-in. hydro class (*see box*), enabled him to take a second in his *Sunshine Baby*.

With competition for new designs and new records providing a healthy stimulus for international and Gold Cup racing, rivalry of another kind kept a thin veil of confusion around the many races which preoccupied the 2,000 stock outboarders among the APBA's 3,682 racing members.

The APBA's amateur stock outboarders went through a season of regional and divisional races, pointing toward the national championships at De Pere, Wis. (*See box for winners.*) The professional outboarders in the APBA held a championship at Pasco, Wash.

INSURGENTS AT KNOXVILLE

Meanwhile, a rival organization called the National Outboard Association, set up in 1951 when outboarders decided their voice in the APBA's affairs was not proportionate to their representation, went one better and ran off a "world" championship in Knoxville, Tenn. The NOA feels that its winners are as legitimate as the APBA's, since there were more entries in two of the classes at Knoxville than there were in the entire APBA meet in Pasco.

There are some other factors to be weighed. The NOA has no regattas on the Atlantic or Pacific coasts, and thus cannot be described as a truly national body. One step toward unification was taken by an outside authority last May when the Union of International Motorboating recognized the APBA as the official U.S. representative for all international racing matters. Far more was achieved during the year by the racers themselves.

For example, Bill Tenney of Dayton, Ohio, opened the year by setting a new world record for class B hydroplanes

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TOP DRIVERS IN NOA

DAVID LIVINGSTON, 22, of Lake Village, Ark. NOA over-all high-point driver (37,774), world champion in Class C Hydro, Class C Service Hydro and Class C Service Runabout of Division I (professional) at Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 9, 10, 11.

RALPH SCOTT, 33, of Paducah, Ky. NOA high-point driver (27,143) in Division III (stock).

DEANIE MONTGOMERY, 21, of Corsicana, Texas. NOA high-point driver (6,500) in Division IV (modified stock).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

LAUNDRYMAN WOOD, in his cubbyhole behind the stacked-up produce of his enterprise, chats with a customer over the phone. His tiny office, tucked away behind laundry's

LOVE SETS AND DIRTY SHIRTS

Sidney Wood and Donald Budge, two former champions of enterprise, now foster the interests of tennis—and their own—with an outfit that washes almost anything

by SAM BOAL

THE puckish face behind the stacks of cleanly washed shirts in the picture above may seem strangely out of place to those who remember the great tennis combination shown at the right. Sidney B. Wood Jr., the youngest American ever to win the Wimbledon Men's Singles, seems about as unlikely a candidate for a laundryman's job as Donald Budge, the strongest player the game has ever known, is for the post of emcee on a TV program. Yet, in their post-competition incarnation as Budge-Wood Service, Inc. of New York this is precisely what the boys are doing, and from the looks of things they're just about as successful at these jobs as they used to be on championship courts around the world.

Certainly they are as unique in their chosen professions as they once were when they were tennis players. Their laundry enterprise, for instance, is probably the only one in existence which is prepared to wash just about anything. Budge-Wood's will wash your shirt or your wife's. They will also wash your rugs, your house or *even your office building if it should* happen to be a bit dirty. These things will be done mostly through Sid Wood, who has been known to deliver certain laundered items personally at the service entrance of a swank apartment house, then stroll around to the front door and, immaculate in white tie and tails, join the dinner party for which his laundry's services were needed.

TENNIS PRO BUDGE SHOWS FAMOUS SERVE

A STRIKING TRANSFORMATION

The transformation of Don Budge is, if anything, even more striking. A taciturn and bashful man, Budge is largely preoccupied with the management of another Budge-Wood project: the plush new Town Tennis Club in midtown Manhattan. Built a year or so ago at a cost of some $215,000, put up by William Doelger, a Manhattan realtor, for the edification of 200 care-

clatter, is filled with mementos of his tennis days. He used to live in an apartment above.

FRIENDLY RIVALS still today, Budge and Wood play regularly on the composition court of the Town Tennis Club, which was launched to promote the game in New York.

fully picked members, this establishment is designed to be a mecca and a training ground for the best players in the country. To further this aim and promote the game, the partners have put the club on television, and Budge, who is the club's pro, acts as commentator on the games, which feature well-known tennis stars who put on rousing performances and well-known film stars who (sometimes) don't. Either way, it's a far cry from the red-haired champion who used to think that when he said "Heck!" or "Gosh!" he was expressing himself pretty eloquently.

The Budge-Wood Service, apart from the Town Tennis Club, occupies 12 different outlets in New York, with its principal base in the Budge-Wood building on Manhattan's East 61st Street. The operation currently employs about 375 people of varying talents and last year did a gross business of just under $1,100,000. This is about three times as much as the total gate at a Wimbledon match, and for two amateurs who set out full of ignorance to make a dent in the shirt-washing business, it is quite an achievement.

Budge and Wood came to their present occupation by highly divergent paths. Budge, the son of Scotland's celebrated soccer player, John Budge, who emigrated to California before World War I, grew up in the tennis-rich atmosphere of the Sunshine State. He didn't play a game until he was 14, but, once started, he soon became formidable. This combination of a masterful back-court game, a smashing skill at the net and the game's most powerful backhand made him a great player in an age of greats. Coupled with this was an engaging shyness—tall, awkward-looking, with his red hair and toothy smile, he felt that he was anything but God's gift to girls and defensively cultivated a retiring air.

BRICK WALLS IN THE BACK YARD

This did not prevent him from wooing and winning a pretty Los Angeles girl named Deirdre Conselman, whom he met after his Wimbledon triumphs in 1938. She was the daughter of William Conselman, a film writer engaged in the crushing task of turning out the early Shirley Temple scripts. Her interests were more intellectual than those of Budge, but he followed her willingly through the pages of the *Saturday Review*, to the theater and other unaccustomed places, retiring, when the going got too tough, to his favorite pastime of building brick walls in his back yard. For her part, Mrs. Budge learned to share—as she still does—his enthusiasm for hot and cool music.

Sid Wood, on the other hand, came to health and athletic prowess the hard way. Max Eastman recalls the day in 1916 when he stood looking down at the crib occupied by young Sidney, the son of his college friend "Big Sid" Wood, a mining engineer. "Big Sid" had just explained that the boy had been ill from infancy. He seemed unable to take sufficient nourishment and had spent the first four years of his life virtually immobilized.

continued on next page

Eastman remembers that he looked into the face of his friend. "In a gust of ice-cold rationality," he wrote in his book, *Enjoyment of Living*, "I said to Sid: 'Why do you try to keep him alive? Why not let him die and get another?' "

Fifteen years later Eastman had reason to recall those words. In France he picked up a London newspaper and read that the new tennis champion of the world was a 19-year-old wonder named Sidney B. Wood Jr. His old friend's son had belied the grim promise of his cradle. Young Sidney, in the intervening years, had grown up in the healthful climate of Arizona, where, by the time he was 14 years old, he was not only the state tennis champion but the champion checkers player as well.

Wood is a man of cool clarity of judgment, on or off the courts, and he realized, at the height of his tennis career, that the game would not give him a living. In 1932, aged 20, he abandoned tennis and went to work in a Wall Street job. Two years later he had made a small fortune, which he lost in the 1934 recession. Two years after that, having gone out west to take up gold mining—a business he had learned something about in his Arizona youth—he was well on his way to success in this field, and by 1938 he was president of a syndicate controlling gold and sulphur mines. Then the impending war cut mining to the vanishing point, and Wood came east again.

A SUITABLE BUSINESS

He looked around for a business which would suit his assets, which were primarily a lot of friends and an astonishing ability to make more. He thought of the laundry business, partly because no one in his Stork Club and El Morocco set was in it. He learned that a laundry could earn as much as 25 percent profit, which suited him. He made an arrangement with a laundry to share in the increased business—if any—which Wood could provide. Then he beguiled his friends into sending him their washing.

By late 1940 he had enough capital to open his own plant. His first partner was Frank Shields, also a champion tennis player. Wood approached his own laundry business with the same icy dispassion with which he might have approached a game of checkers. He knew that unless he offered something different, he would be just another laundryman. Being just another laundryman didn't appeal to him.

So he began selling service, better service than most other laundries offered. He surmised that most customers didn't like the collars of their shirts or the hems of their handkerchiefs profaned with the hieroglyphic mysteries of the laundry mark, so he began putting his markings on in a special ink which is invisible in ordinary light and only appears under the special illumination in his plant. He began putting his shirts in cellophane bags, which cost him one cent each but which so dressed up the shirt that he soon charged five cents more per shirt. He noticed that most laundries mash down embroidered initials, so he employed a special girl to raise them. And he continued to improve his service.

ON THE COURT, Budge shows pupil, Mrs. Burton Lane, technique of backhand.

He put most of his profits back into the business and saved money by living in the laundry. An amateur carpenter, he built a small studio apartment and there he stayed. He was still playing around with his café society friends and they took his assertion that he lived "over the laundry" to be merely one of Sid's more flamboyant jokes.

One day his checker reported that he had found a check for $10,000 in the pocket of a jacket belonging to a customer Wood probably wisely refuses to identify. This opportunity for a gag was too good to be missed, so Wood wrote the customer a very short note. "We have found a check for $10,000 in a pocket of a jacket you sent to us for cleaning," it said. "Shall we return it or credit your account?"

Traces of his childhood illness still hung on, so he was classified 4F and was able to devote most of the war years, when he wasn't playing bond-raising tennis, to a scientific study of the laundry business. He may be the only laundryman (or the only man, for that matter) who knows that a man's shirt can take about 30 washings, at which time it is through. Budge-Wood launderings, that is. Other laundries can make confetti out of it in 20. He also realized that there was a good deal more to washing than just laundry, so he decided to branch out.

He made up his mind to wash anything washable. He went from washing sheets to waxing floors and from providing clean maids' uniforms to providing them with maids inside them. Now the actual laundry is only a part of his business, but it is the part which he regards with the most affection.

Budge, in the meantime, had turned pro and proved to have stupendous drawing power. His popularity was

IN THE LAUNDRY, Budge and Wood check the days' work while washing goes on behind them. Theirs is one of the few laundries that still does all work on the premises.

never more eloquently demonstrated than in 1944 when, during his wartime duty in the Air Force, he suddenly had a benefit match with Jack Kramer thrust upon him. Budge was then stationed at Fort Lubbock, Texas and, lacking any other partner, he practiced with his wife Deirdre for four days. "Nobody else but Deirdre played at all down there," he explains. "She was second-best player in Lubbock." The match, played at New York's Madison Square Garden, raised the amazing sum of nearly $3 million. Budge won.

LAST TIME ON THE ROAD

But his tennis days, he realized, were also nearing their end. He had already supplanted Frank Shields as Wood's sidekick in the laundry business. Intermittently, he continued playing pro tennis; the two friends agreed that it would be silly for him to become a shirt-washer while he could still make money playing tennis. Last year, Budge hit the road for the last time. Halfway through his exhibition tour with Jack Kramer's troupe, however, he quit. "If I'd been hungrier and younger," he remarked to a friend, "I could have won." He shrugged, and smiled his shy smile. "But I wasn't."

Neither Wood nor Budge has been hungry in quite some time, and it doesn't seem likely that they will be in the foreseeable future. In their newest adventure, the Town Tennis Club, they are immeasurably helped by the personable appearance and social abilities of their wives. Mrs. Wood, who joined the Budge-Wood enterprises two and a half years ago, is the former Suzy Mulligan, whose father was board chairman of a syndicate controlling three New York hotels, two of which were Budge-Wood customers when she and Wood met. His courtship was rendered somewhat more difficult than usual by his friends' bantering remarks that all he really wanted was the third Mulligan hotel, but Wood's persistence won out in the end. The third hotel is still not on his list of clients.

ON THE TERRACE, Mrs. Budge (*left*) and Mrs. Wood sit together while husbands (*background*) get ready for a game. Both couples have always been close personal friends.

The Budges and the Woods can be seen almost any day or evening at the club, where Budge, in addition to his duties as manager and TV commentator, also functions as the club pro. Though neither Budge nor Wood plays in competition any more, they regularly play friendly games, and as anyone knows who has watched them, from the courtside or on TV, theirs is still a red-hot brand of tennis.

For Wood and Budge, who take their tennis seriously and hold the best interests of the game close to their hearts, that in the last analysis is the most important thing. One day recently, for instance, they had a date to play, and Budge arrived 20 minutes late, looking slightly rumpled and distraught. After apologizing for his tardiness, he said:

"There's something I ought to tell you, Sidney. It might interfere with my game today."

Wood gave him a quizzical look, and Budge went on: "I just drove my car off the road. It turned over."

Luckily, Budge was not hurt, nor was the car seriously damaged. They played their game as usual and, as usual, Budge won. Even today, he almost always wins.

AT A PARTY, club members chat animatedly during a Halloween gathering for members and friends. In foreground are Mrs. Malcolm Reybold and Mrs. Peter Griffith.

GLORY DAY IN COLUMBUS, OHIO *continued from page 10*

HOPALONG CASSADY, IN FULL STRIDE, SPRINTS 52 YARDS, SETS UP KEY TOUCHDOWN

Quickly the Wolverines moved to the 4. With three more carries, Cline and Fullback Dave Hill rammed the ball to within a foot of the goal line. On fourth down Hill flung himself into the center of the line. The Ohio State line held fast.

That was the hinge about which the football game and the autumn season in Columbus revolved. Michigan was beatable. It took the Buckeyes just the next 12 plays to march almost 100 yards to a touchdown. They got it when Leggett threw nine yards to End Dave Brubaker. Hopalong Cassady had set it up with a 52-yard run. Again Weed converted and this time the crowd's roar carried with it the lust and assurance of a cheer sent up by the Praetorian Guard.

Michigan could push no more. Ohio State scored again with 44 seconds remaining, but this final touchdown was not needed. Before the Buckeyes' final drive ended, the fans were chanting their song. Before the drive ended, programs and newspapers were torn and thrown, filling the air with king-sized ticker tape. Before the drive was over

A BLUE FLAME OVER CAMBRIDGE

by MARTIN KANE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THERE was a faculty prohibition against "obvious" drinking at the Harvard-Yale game, but when the game was over Harvard men needed no condiments against New England's drab November sky—Jim Joslin, a sophomore back, had lighted up the firmament with a performance that flamed as warm and blue as brandy on a Thanksgiving pudding.

At the end of his freshman year Joslin thought of going back to Minneapolis to stay. Harvard's rigid study requirements were bothering him. He conquered that but this year he had another problem. He had a tendency to fumble.

He fumbled away Saturday before a crowd of 40,000 that packed Harvard Stadium to the roof. In a brief second-period appearance, he was smothered for a 12-yard loss. He returned to the game only when Matt Botsford, another sophomore back, was hurt on the Yale touchdown play that put the Blue ahead 9-0. Botsford had previously intercepted a pass two yards from his own goal, over which he stumbled to give Yale a safety.

Then Joslin took over for him and in three plays fumbled, hit an official with an attempted pass and missed a touchdown by heaving the ball over the receiver's head.

By this time goat horns were sprouting under Joslin's helmet. But after Harvard fumbled once more and recovered on the Yale 20, Joslin's horns disappeared. In just two plays he got to the one-yard line, setting up Tony Gianelly's touchdown buck, and thereafter, when Harvard got back the ball, Joslin was a slashing saber cutting through the right side of the Yale line. He brought the ball quickly to the Yale 39, where he handed it off to Frank White, who threw a running pass to Bob Cochran, who set the Harvard stands mad by juggling the ball from the 16-yard line to the 8 before he finally gained control and scored the touchdown that gave Harvard a 13-9 victory and the Big Three title for the first time since 1941.

"That 43 did it," Yale Capt. Thorne Shugart said in the locker room after the game. "I don't know his name but he was great."

His name, Capt. Shugart, is Joslin, James Joslin of Minneapolis.

JIM JOSLIN, Harvard sophomore tailback, rips through Yale line. Joslin, subbing for the injured Matt Botsford, was

Ohio State students lofted a banner. It read: "BEAT U.S.C. JAN. 1."

At the final whistle, Ohio State's heroes stopped playing football and began to jump up and down. Then they hoisted Woody Hayes to their shoulders and carried him into the clubhouse. They dunked him in a shower and they cheered him. Finally they let him meet the press.

For Hayes the dunking was a pleasure. He told the press that. He told them more, delivering short speeches like a man accustomed to making the dais of both a Rotary luncheon and a Kiwanis luncheon on the same day. Once a question interrupted: "What happened to change the game around from the first half to the second?"

"You can't run over a team like mine for a full 60 minutes," Hayes said.

He made more short speeches until a minor Ohio State official appeared with an insect gun full of sweet-smelling liquid. He sprayed Hayes. "It's scent of roses, Woody," cried the official. "Scent of roses for yuh, Woody boy."

"I'll say this," Hayes announced. "We plan to spend the holidays on the *coast.*"

Back in Columbus the evening began slowly. "Taking a while," explained the city editor of a local newspaper, "because the folks are spent."

By 10 o'clock, downtown Columbus had turned vibrant. The sidewalks were jammed with shouting people. The streets were jammed with cars and horns blared their cacophony to the skies. By midnight those few downtown residents who wanted to sleep had abandoned the idea. And always above the blare came the refrain:

Whole state of Michigan
Whole state of Michigan
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR THE WHOLE STATE OF MICHIGAN
WE'RE FROM O-HI-O

Sunday morning in Columbus dawned gray and cold. An exodus began early but at the airport there were no signs of letdown among the departing alumni though night in Columbus had run into day.

"What I liked," said a man at the airport, "was the way we won it for all those blue chips. But what I really liked was that we beat Michigan."

A lady with him chanted in a tired voice: *We're from O-hi-o.*

erratic at first but rallied to set up both Harvard touchdowns. He averaged over seven yards a carry, was Harvard's hero.

NEXT WEEK—ARMY VS. NAVY

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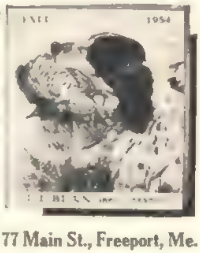

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HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for Games of Saturday, Nov. 27

● **Navy vs. Army.** The Middies' defense looks tougher. The Cadets offense is more explosive. A good offense over a good defense . . . ARMY.

● **Notre Dame vs. Southern Cal.** The Fighting Irish improve each week. The Trojans could be in a dangerous mood after last week's thumping by the Uclans but . . . NOTRE DAME.

● **Miss. vs. Miss. State.** Bitter rivalry exists in this one. Ole Miss can capture a Bowl bid by beating scrappy State—and will. MISSISSIPPI.

● **Georgia vs. Ga. Tech.** The Bulldogs have surprised everyone this season. The Yellow Jackets are not up to snuff, but they have too much talent for the stubborn Bulldogs. GEORGIA TECH.

● **Oklahoma vs. Oklahoma A & M.** The Sooners cinched their seventh Big Seven championship in a row last week. The Aggies from Stillwater will make it close for the state title. Still, 19 in a row . . . OKLAHOMA.

● **Boston College vs. Holy Cross.** B.C. is having its best season in years, the Crusaders their worst. Anything can, has, and does happen here, but . . . BOSTON COLLEGE.

● **Baylor vs. Rice.** The Bears will get a share of the Southwest Conference championship and a possible invitation to the Sugar or Gator Bowl by beating the Owls. In a stern test . . . BAYLOR.

● **Florida vs. Miami (Fla.).** No love lost between these two. The Hurricanes have the better record but the Gators have the potential to upset the applecart. In a grueling affair . . . MIAMI.

● **Alabama vs. Auburn.** Another traditional grudge match—rivalry became so hot that a hiatus was declared for years. The Crimson Tide has disappointed. The Plainsmen, off slow, have hit their stride . . . AUBURN.

● **North Carolina vs. Duke.** This is another one of *those* games. The Tarheels are improved but the Blue Devils need this one to go to the Orange Bowl . . . DUKE.

● **Southern Methodist vs. Texas Christian.** Baylor bumped SMU from Cotton Bowl contention after the Mustangs had mauled Arkansas. The Horned Frogs are still hungry but . . . SOUTHERN METHODIST.

ALSO:

Wyoming over Arizona
Clemson over The Citadel
Arkansas over Houston
South Carolina over Wake Forest
LSU over Tulane
Tennessee over Vanderbilt
Fordham over Villanova
Texas Tech over Hardin-Simmons

Last week's hunches:
18 right, 7 wrong, 0 ties

Record to date: 162-62-9

GENEVIEVE RIDES AGAIN

Inspired by a funny movie, the British Vintage Sports Car Club and the Veteran Motor Car Club of America put on the first Anglo-American antique-car rally

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ISEAR

THE vintage car fancier is likely to be a nostalgic gentleman who remembers the days when going anywhere by car was a sporting proposition. He has a tendency to debate Mercer *vs.* Stutz and to tell wondrous tales about the Stanley Steamer, which did 121.52 mph in 1906 and in legend did 190. He has an eye for beauty that prefers bright brass to chrome and does not light up at the sight of streamlining. He will go anywhere to show off his pet vehicle.

Ten of him, for instance, went to England this summer to compete in the first Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally. It was an event which lived up to the light humor of the British movie *Genevieve* that inspired it. The rally involved an 850-mile run over the back roads from Edinburgh to Chichester, and was very much like those rallies which, at the turn of the century, were organized to prove that the automobile was here to stay.

There was British weather to contend with and there were mishaps, though no injuries to occupants. A Stanley Steamer, driven by Paul J. Tusek of Power Point, Ohio, exploded four times and finally withdrew, unable to digest British fuels. Elmer W. Bemis, of Brattleboro, Vt., driving a 1906 Ford, rammed the rear of a 1954 Humber Super Snipe but escaped with trifling damage (*see next page*).

The Americans lost the rally, 7,001 points to 8,376 for the British, but won the hearts of car-loving Britons, who marveled all along the route at the big, sleek and brightly-colored automobiles from over the sea. Even the engines of many British and U.S. entries were painted in brilliant colors.

STUTZ BEARCAT, vintage 1914, was substituted for Stanley Steamer which exploded out of the rally. Owner Tony Koveleski, of Scranton, Pa., drove it wearing a Navy foul-weather suit and a flight helmet.

VISITING BRITISH CARS RUN A DEMONSTRATION LAP AT THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON'S GOODWOOD CIRCUIT,

VINTAGE CAR GOSSIP engaged David Scott Moncrieff of the Mercedes-Benz Club of England in cap, *left*, Roderic M. Blood of West Newton, Mass., at wheel of 1913 Lozier Toy Tonneau, and Vincent Rawlings, co-driver of a British entry.

FAMED 2½-MILE ROAD-RACING COURSE

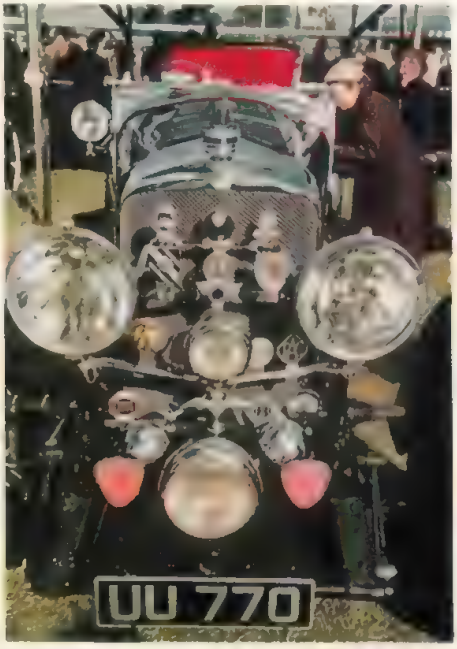
MONOCLE WINDSHIELD of 1914 Mercer Raceabout provides dubious shelter for Ralph Buckley of Absecon, N.J. and passenger Nigel Arnold-Foster.

BLUE CAPS are sported by Sam Bass of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. and old car collector Henry Austin Clark Jr.

DENTED FENDER and lost headlamp were suffered in minor crash by Elmer Bemis' 1906 Model K Ford.

HIGH POLISH is put on a 1907 Lancaster in the Goodwood Circuit paddock before a welcoming parade staged by visiting British vintage car owners. These autos, not entered in the rally, came from all over Britain.

GLEAMING ENGINE of this 1905 Renault, on played at Goodwood paddock, won admiration of enthusiastic crowds.



COLORFUL INSIGNIA of 16 auto and flying clubs decorate this 1929 Bentley which participated in parade.

GOLF

CHAT WITH HENRY

SI's golf columnist answers a British critic of the U.S. scene with comments of his own

HARVIE WARD

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

HENRY LONGHURST, the extremely able and eloquent golf correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, recently published a column summing up his impressions of the American golf scene—1954. Among other things Henry deplored the current overmarking of balls on the green and the American addictions for playing "winter rules" the year round, conceding four-foot putts, and insisting on easy-to-recover-from traps and tame roughs. All of these excesses are pursued, Henry stated, because the American golfer is primarily intent on a low score and not on playing an enjoyable round.

Henry's column was entitled "Should We Secede?" and his implicit answer was that British golfers certainly should, in order "to preserve the long-cherished traditions of golf as we have known it and to hand it on unchanged to successive generations. . . ."

At the risk of sounding like a body of Yankee senators remonstrating with John C. Calhoun, a great many of Henry's American friends feel that advocating secession represents a rather extravagant reaction to the present state of American golf. Sure, they agree, there isn't a golf club here that hasn't its quota of score-happy players and, sure, a transfusion of the low-pressure charm of British golf club life would do no harm at all to most of our maple-shaded mosques of the Texas-press bet. But, it might be added, isn't that rather old cap and, anyway, haven't Americans tugged at it harder than anyone?

A COMMON SET OF RULES

Taking it the other way, one of the most important events that has recently transpired in sports was the realization by the U.S.G.A. and the R & A only a few years ago that it was time for both lawmaking bodies to agree on a common set of rules to be followed by golfers everywhere. This was effected, and there has been some talk that the U.S.G.A. and the R & A may get together shortly to see if they can't do away with the one remaining "big difference," the variation in the English and American balls, and prescribe one official ball from which every golfer in the world can look up just before impact.

Of course, even on that day when absolute uniformity theoretically exists, there will still be a great many differences between British and American golf. For example, consider the superiority American pros have held ever since Hagen busted through. It really goes all the way down to the different economic and social setups in the two countries. A young American of 20, for instance, who plays an impressive game of golf and lacks any other career opportunity, frequently chooses to see if he can make his way in golf. The inducements are considerable. Should he fail to make the grade in the rough vortex of tournament golf, he is fortified by the knowledge that there are hundreds of excellent home-pro jobs and that the man who holds such a post normally makes out very well financially and occupies a very nice place in the community.

The young British golfer of equal promise has no such incentive for gravitating to golf as a career. At a few clubs in Britain the professional now walks in the front door, but by and large Henry Cotton, who started a notch higher in the social scale than most pros in that less flexible society, is the only British pro who has made his golf skill do for him what it has done for a large number of his American colleagues.

The same socio-economic conditions have made for a sizeable difference between British and American amateurs. It is difficult to think of a single postwar British Walker Cup player who was not limited by time and funds to being little more than a strictly weekend golfer. Since "sponsored jobs" for topflight amateurs are apparently nonexistent, golf is strictly the British amateur's avocation. On the other hand, take the case of Harvie Ward, by no means a unique one among American amateurs, but the first that comes to mind. Harvie is employed as an auto salesman, but every time you look into the paper he seems either to be playing in some tournament or in some exhibition match. By our prevalent definition, this is perfectly legal for an amateur as long as he doesn't gain a direct financial profit from his skill as a golfer. It's a very complicated business, amateur golf, but when an amateur devotes more time to his golf than to his job, here is one area in which our national circumstances seem to have placed us on a less sound tack than the British.

Richard Meek

ARMY AND NAVY TIE!

ARMY played Navy last Saturday and there wasn't a ticket to be had for love or money. No tickets were printed. For it was Army and Navy at soccer. In the U.S., schools and colleges do not presume to print tickets or charge admission for their soccer games. Coaches and players are vastly pleased if anyone will come and look on for free.

This is the same booting game, let it be remembered, that drives paying fans wild with excitement elsewhere in the world and regularly draws crowds of 100,000 and more. The foreign game is minutely covered by the newspapers and broadcasting stations. The loss of a critical game sometimes sets off rioting in the streets around government offices. Feeling invariably runs high. At one South American stadium a moat has been constructed around the field to protect players and referees from the wrath—or even the enthusiasm—of the fans.

Last week no government official lost any sleep worrying about the Army-Navy soccer game. There was almost no advance notice of it in the newspapers or over the air. Football held the Saturday spotlight as always, and on the broadcasts of the games around the country it was announced in passing that the Army-Navy football game of this Saturday was already a 100% sellout.

Nonetheless, at West Point's Clinton Field, the crowd assembled for the college soccer classic of the year. It was a big crowd—for soccer. Charley Hardwick of the athletic association at the military academy looked it over and vowed that he would eat his felt hat if it wasn't 2,000 or maybe more, despite the steady drizzle and the soupy fog.

There are colorful trimmings at any meeting of Army and Navy—at anything. To the soccer game were assigned Pancho, the donkey, and Hannibal, the Army mule. As they trotted around the edges of the playing field on came three cheerleaders and the cadets' comedy band, in zany costumes, to tootle the overture. A sound truck backed into position and a cadet announcer spoke to the crowd: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the 17th annual soccer game between Army and Navy. In previous games Army has won nine, Navy has won seven. There have been no ties. And now the lineups. . . ."

As each player's name was called he trotted to his position as thousands (two) cheered. When all 22 men were on the field the Army cannon boomed.

GOALIE NEWELL, 00, captain of Navy, blocks a hard shot by Army in the first quarter as Ginter (12) of cadets scrambles for rebound.

Cadets battle Midshipmen to 1-1 deadlock in rain and fog—with tickets for the traditional game truly nonexistent. P.S. Match was at soccer, U.S. sport's best-kept secret

by GERALD HOLLAND

Then each team raced to the sidelines for the final huddle with the coaches: Joe Palone of Army, Glenn Warner of Navy. Then back to their positions as the Army fans yelled: "Let's go, rabble!" and the midshipmen from Annapolis countered with: "Come on, Navy team!" And the game was on.

Everyone knew that neither team would be able to play its best soccer on a field sodden with 48 hours' rain. But everyone knew that this was Army and Navy—and whatever their past records, whatever mischief the weather man had worked, nothing could prevent the next 88 minutes (four 22-minute quarters and no time outs) from being filled with excitement.

And they were. Filled with glorious skids and slides, resounding collisions and breakneck teetering and tumbling.

continued on next page

HATS FLY into the air as cadets and their girl friends, loyal to the end despite rain that fell during most of game, cheer the tying goal by Carl Bossert of Army in third quarter.

PREP SCHOOL SOCCER: Deerfield Academy and Exeter mix it up in their annual game, played against a background of Deerfield's historic campus. Deerfield won, 2-1.

GASHOUSE SOCCER: Brookhatten-Galicia and Ukrainian Soccer Club, New York pro teams, battle it out at Zerega Oval in The Bronx. Brookhatten won easily, 5 to 1.

ARMY-NAVY SOCCER *continued*

Filled at the start with a host's over-anxious striving, Army missed a couple of early scoring chances that had Coach Palone hurling gum wrappers to the sod like Fourth of July torpedoes.

As the loudspeaker ticked off the minutes of play remaining, Navy got the feel of the surf in its cleats and with 14 minutes of the first quarter gone, Navy's outside right, Mike Sides, took a cross from Pete Fitzwilliam and booted the ball past Army Goalie Cannon.

Between halves, the teams retired to buses parked behind the temporary stands, and as they did the fog thickened and the drizzle turned into thin rain. By the time the teams emerged, it was hard to see across the field. A white ball was put into play. Among the 2,000 spectators only a few girls left—to save their pretty hats. Of the girls who stayed, one, seated near the scoring bench, at last got the idea her cadet had been trying to get over: soccer was really just like basketball except that no player, save the goalies, was allowed to touch the ball with his hands. He could kick it or head it or stop it with his chest, the cadet said, but he couldn't touch it with his hands. Otherwise, he repeated, it was just like basketball. It was ironic that he had to explain the ancient game in terms of a game stolen from it. And maybe it wasn't surprising that the girl asked: "Well, if it's so much like basketball, why don't they *play* basketball on a day like this?"

It wasn't a good day for soccer. But it was Army-Navy. And for all the rain and fog and skidding and sliding, the game went furiously on: not good soccer, but a show of spunk and spirit with Army Captain Scotty Adams sparking an attack that put the cadets before the Navy goal 10 minutes into the third quarter. There was an exchange of short passes until Tommy Turner, Army manager, jumped up from the bench and yelled: "Cut out the pattycake, boot the ball!" Carl Bossert, Army's outside right, couldn't possibly have heard him, but boot the ball he did and it slithered off Navy Center Half Joe Armstrong and into the net to tie the game at 1-1.

That was all the scoring, and at the end of the regulation time the referee ruled that the fog and the darkness made overtime periods impractical. Everyone agreed that it was probably the best way to resolve an Army-Navy game on a mean and miserable, but somehow wonderful afternoon.

By itself, the Army-Navy game did nothing to betray what is the best-kept secret in U.S. sports: the game of soccer is booming among boys of school and college age. Without benefit of ballyhoo, it is going great guns in the high schools, the preparatory schools, the colleges, on the playing fields of public parks, amid the halls of ivy and down by the gashouse.

LET FOOTBALL BEWARE

At Brooklyn College in New York, Coach Carlton Reilly has 2,100 soccer players among a total of 3,500 male students. Deerfield (Mass.), typical of the eastern prep schools, has 226 soccer players busy on nine playing fields. In St. Louis, 3,000 boys from 11 to 18 play on 163 soccer teams in leagues of the Catholic Youth Council. In Seattle, more than a thousand boys are similarly engaged.

Scores of high schools around the country have given up football and taken up soccer. Says Joseph Barriskill, secretary of the United States Soccer Football Association, "I believe that more boys are playing soccer today than are playing football."

More and more colleges are exploring the game. The University of Pittsburgh has taken it up and so have Kentucky, Florida, Virginia and Ohio Wesleyan. In Southern California, a five-team conference has been formed and already it plans to add three teams next year. The University of Chicago, arch foe of that other pigskin

devil, plays soccer with enthusiasm.

Altogether there are eight college conferences around the country. A total of 197 colleges have fielded soccer teams, including those not affiliated with any league or conference.

In the school and college field, the prime moving force in spreading the soccer gospel is the National Soccer Coaches' Association of America, now headed by Brooklyn College's Carlton Reilly.

SOCCER'S SUPERSALESMAN

Each year, the 300 members of the coaches' association name the man who has done most for the game. Current holder of that award is Glenn Warner, coach of Navy, one of the principal actors in Saturday's drama in the rain at West Point.

A supersalesman of soccer, Coach Warner is founder of the annual soccer forum which meets next month at Sarasota, Fla., with coaches, physical education directors and top players conspiring to extend the influence of the game. It was at Warner's urging that Matt Busby, coach of England's Manchester United team, agreed to make a motion picture in which he demonstrates the fine points of the game. This film, narrated by Warner, is sent out to any coach who asks for it, and so are other films in Warner's rapidly expanding library at Annapolis.

To Glenn Warner, as to hundreds of coaches, soccer is the best of all games for the growing boy. "When you put 11 boys out on a soccer field," he says, "you set in motion a contest in which no quarterback is going to tell them what to do. No coach is going to advise them while play is going on. They're on their own and in the course of a game each boy will have 40 to 50 opportunities to face up to situations and make split-second decisions all on his own. To see these boys in action is something wonderful."

Warner has a varsity and plebe soccer team at Annapolis, plus 24 company teams. Coach Palone of Army has the same number of teams at West Point. But although they held the soccer spotlight last weekend, the Army and the Navy are definitely not the whole story. The whole story is that up and down the country, in the parks and on the sandlots, among the amateurs and professionals, amid the halls of ivy and down by the gashouse, they're booting that ball. And next year, when you can't get a ticket to Army-Navy football, try sampling Army-Navy soccer. If you can get there, you're in—for free.

ST. LOUIS SANDLOT SOCCER: JERRY STRANGE BEATS BILL BECKER TO THE BALL

ROOKIE'S DRAMATIC DEBUT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

Among the 14,692 spectators in Montreal's hockey arena one night last week sat a 21-year-old youngster named Charlie Hodge. Charlie was a goalie in the Montreal farm system, but he was just in the stands to watch, wearing street clothes. Then things began to happen. Down on the ice, the blazing Toronto Maple Leafs—unbeaten in their last nine games—began to score on Montreal's goalie, Claude Evans, who was subbing for the injured regular, Jacques Plante. Before the evening was over, Montreal fans had seen one of the most exciting games of the year—and 21-year-old Charlie Hodge was down on the ice, making a brilliant debut. The story in pictures.

1ST PERIOD

MONTREAL TROUBLE begins as Toronto shot whizzes past Goalie Claude Evans, suffering an off-night as a Montreal sub.

MONTREAL ACE Bernie "Boom Boom" Geoffrion commiserates with Evans after Toronto scores on him again minutes later.

CONFIDENT TORONTO Coach King Clancy tells his team—leading 2-1 after first period—that they are a cinch to beat the Canadiens if they keep up the good work. Victory will put Toronto in first place in the roaring National Hockey League race.

2ND PERIOD

But Montreal has been busy during the intermission, too. The team's general manager, Frank Selke, has found Rookie Charlie Hodge in the stands, hustled the youngster to the dressing room and had him suited up in a Canadiens uniform. When the two teams take the ice for the second period, the rookie is in the net for Montreal.

TORONTO ASSAULTS but Rookie Hodge comes out of the net to make a fine [illegible] stop. Montreal's lighthearted partisan fans raised the roof with cheers on this one, applauding the 21-year-old youngster who spent last year playing in an amateur league.

ROOKIE HODGE braces for another defense, and a moment later blocks the shot—one of nine saves he makes during the period. Before the period is over, furthermore, the Canadiens have managed to tie the score, 2-2, on a shot by Jim MacPherson.

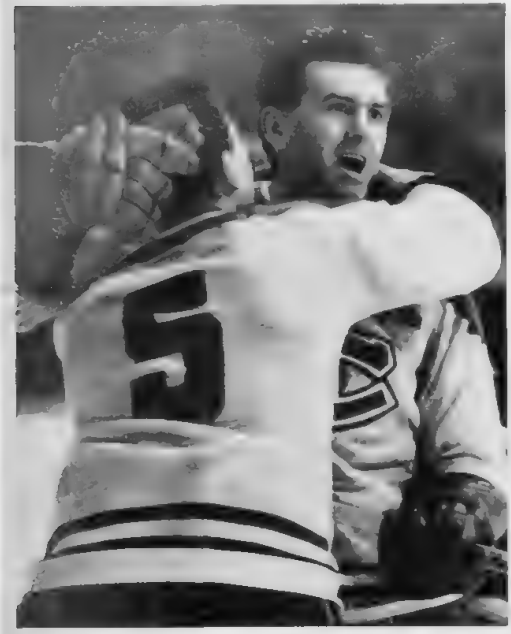
continued on next page

DRAMATIC DEBUT *continued from page 75*

3RD PERIOD

This is a period Montreal fans expect to remember for a while. The Canadiens have gone ahead 4-2 on goals by Geoffrion and Maurice (The Rocket) Richard—only to see the Toronto Maple Leafs come back to tie 4-4. With time running out, Goalie Hodge has stopped the last Toronto rush. Now, with only seconds left, it is Montreal's turn.

MONTREAL DOES IT with only 14 seconds left to play. The winning goal, shown here, is scored by the Canadiens' Jean Beliveau (partly visible behind the Toronto goalie), as Canadiens' Richard (*left*) and Geoffrion (*right*) joyously raise their sticks.



EXULTANT RICHARD shouts with glee, embraces teammate Geoffrion as game ends in favor of Montreal's Canadiens, 5-4.

IN DRESSING ROOM, Beliveau and Rookie Hodge (*right*), happy heroes, relaxed. Hodge helped team win the next game.

RECORD BREAKERS

● **U.S.** set new world record of 2,373 points in small bore carbine at World Shooting Championships in Caracas, Venezuela. Other new team records: **Russia**, 5,802 points in three positions of small bore 50-meter rifle event; 1,958 points in kneeling division of small bore 50-meter rifle competition; 857 points in running deer single shot. Individual records: **Gilmour S. Boa** of Toronto, 598 points in small bore carbine; **Anatoli Bogdanov** of Russia, 396 points in .22 caliber rifle, kneeling, at 50 meters; **Vitali Romanenko** of Russia, 224 points in running deer single shot. ● **Don Miller**, University of Delaware quarterback, set new Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association career passing record of 36 touchdowns, in 20-0 win over Bucknell, at Newark, Del. Miller's four-year mark surpassed old record of 35, by Princeton's Dick Kazmaier in three years (1949-51). ● **Gyorgy Tumpek** of Hungary did 1:02.1 for 100-meter butterfly swim to better own world record of 1:02.3, at Budapest.

FOOTBALL

Ohio State, ranked No. 1 in nation, stormed 99⅔ yards in second half to break 7-7 deadlock and beat Michigan 21-7 for Big Ten title and Rose Bowl invitation. Unbeaten Buckeyes took ball on one-foot line after repulsing Wolverines and marched near-length of field to score on short pass from **Dave Leggett** to **Dick Brubaker**. **Howard** (Hopalong) **Cassady**, brilliant runner all day, went over for clincher seconds before game ended.

UCLA, nation's second-ranked team but ineligible for Rose Bowl, rolled for four touchdowns in last quarter to whip Southern California 34-0 before 102,548 spectators. Consolation prize for twice-beaten losers: Rose Bowl bid to face Ohio State.

Wisconsin used seven pass interceptions (new Big Ten record) to score over Minnesota 27-0. **Alan Ameche** got two touchdowns, gained 26 yards to boost four-year ground-gaining total to 3,212—greatest total by major college player—before leaving game with injury in third quarter.

Notre Dame easily defeated Iowa 34-18 in game that was not as close as final score. Quarterback **Ralph Guglielmi** led Irish attack.

Oklahoma's powerhouse wore down Nebraska to win 18th consecutive game and seventh straight Big Seven Conference title 55-7. Sooners piled up 577 yards rushing and passing, with Quarterback **Gene Calame** and Halfback **Buddy Leake** contributing handsomely. Despite loss, runner-up Nebraska goes to Orange Bowl.

Harvard came from behind to score twice in last quarter for 13-9 win over Yale and first Big Three crown since 1941. Crippled Elis fumbled away several opportunities, and **Frank White's** sensational 38-yard scoring pass to End **Bob Cochran** with 4:53 to play gave Crimson winning margin following **Tony Gianelly's** short plunge early in period.

Princeton went on scoring rampage to batter Dartmouth 49-7. **Dick Thompson**, third-string back playing final game, sparked Tigers in last quarter, scoring twice on long runs and throwing touchdown pass.

Louisiana State upset Arkansas 7-6, but Razorbacks will represent Southwest Conference in Cotton Bowl. Versatile **Al Doggett** kicked winning extra point.

Baylor knocked Southern Methodist out of Southwest Conference race 33-21 and gave Bears chance to tie Arkansas for title. **Del Shoffner** and **Billy Hooper** set pace for Baylor in bitterly fought game.

Cleveland Browns assumed slender lead in Eastern division of National Football League, beating Philadelphia Eagles 6-0 on **Lou Groza's** two field goals while **Los Angeles Rams** dropped New York Giants to second place with 17-16 upset. Browns and Giants meet Sunday at New York. **Ollie Matson** scored four touchdowns, gained 163 yards to lead **Chicago Cardinals** to 38-16 win over Washington Redskins.

Detroit Lions squeezed past Green Bay Packers 21-17 in rough game, to hold Western division lead. Quarterback **Bobby Layne** tossed two touchdown passes, scored another on one-yard sneak.

Montreal Alouettes edged Hamilton 24-19, and **Edmonton Eskimos** swamped Kitchener-Waterloo 38-6 in play-offs to qualify for Grey Cup game Saturday at Toronto.

BASKETBALL

Syracuse Nationals won four games to take lead in Eastern division of National Basketball Association, with **New York Knickerbockers** close behind in second place. Last-place **Baltimore** was in financial trouble and N.B.A. gave Bullets until Friday to save franchise. Coach Clair Bee resigned, was replaced by Al Barthelme.

Fort Wayne Pistons continued to top Western Division, but **Minneapolis Lakers** were moving up in race.

BOXING

Jimmy Carter of New York became first man to win lightweight championship three times when he outslugged Brooklyn's Paddy de Marco to win by 15th round TKO in action-packed fight at San Francisco. Carter, who first won title from Ike Williams in 1951, lost it to Lauro Salas, then regained it, only to lose to De Marco last March, knocked game but outclassed Paddy down in ninth and 14th rounds.

Floyd Patterson, 19-year-old Brooklyn light heavyweight, punched out eight-round decision over third-ranked but inept Jimmy Slade to tune of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," sung by bored fans in New York's Madison Square Garden. Slade was down five times, later had his purse withheld until State Athletic Commission held hearing, was satisfied that he did no wrong and fought "from sheer instinct" after first round.

Pierre Langlois of France replaced Joey Giardello as **Bobo Olson's** opponent in middleweight title fight Dec. 15 at San Francisco.

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

Verdict of the Associated Press writers' poll

Team standings this week, with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses)

	Points
1—Ohio State (115)	2,259
2—U.C.L.A. (85)	2,162
3—Oklahoma (31)	1,953
4—Notre Dame (4)	1,569
5—Army	1,296
6—Navy (2)	914
7—Mississippi (6)	873
8—Wisconsin	567
9—Baylor	332
10—Maryland	317

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Miami (Fla.) (2) 310; 12, West Virginia (3) 238; 13, Arkansas (2) 196; 14, Michigan 173; 15, Auburn 142.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees and **Baltimore Orioles** announced spectacular trade with Yankees getting Pitchers **Bob Turley** and **Don Larsen** and Shortstop **Billy Hunter** in exchange for Pitchers **Harry Byrd** and **Jim McDonald**, Outfielder **Gene Woodling**, Shortstop **Willie Miranda** and Catchers **Gus Triandos** and **Hal Smith**. Three other Yankees will be sent to Baltimore for four Orioles.

Ralph Kiner, slow-moving but hard-hitting Chicago Cubs outfielder, was sold to Cleveland Indians where he will be reunited with former Pittsburgh Pirate teammates, General Manager Hank Greenberg and Manager Al Lopez. Kiner, who hit 54 home runs in 1949, got 22 last year for 351 lifetime total.

Kansas City Athletics' new owner, Arnold Johnson, began reorganization by naming **Lou Boudreau**, 37, field manager and **Parke Carroll** vice president and business manager. Boudreau succeeds Eddie Joost, who managed A's in Philadelphia.

Willie Mays, 1954 National League batting champion (.345), was signed for 1955 by New York Giants for reported $25,000.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens were still first in National Hockey League despite 2-0 shutout by Boston Bruins, but fast-moving **Detroit Red Wings** beat Chicago Black Hawks twice to tie **Toronto Maple Leafs** for second, four points behind leaders.

SOCCER

Wolverhampton, Britain's top soccer team, scored all goals in second half to trounce Moscow Spartaks 4-0 at London.

HORSE RACING

Helioscope, William G. Helis Jr.'s top-flight three-year-old, splashed to easy four-length victory on muddy track in $50,000 Pimlico Special. Helioscope led most of way to win ninth 1954 race in 14 starts.

Joe Jones responded to typical **Conn McCreary** ride in $28,300 Sport Page Handicap, winning six-furlong race by length-and-half on closing day at Jamaica, N.Y.

continued on next page

HORSE SHOWS

Spain rode off with four victories, including International Team Challenge Trophy, in Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Horse Show at Toronto. Mexico won Capt. Michael G. Tubridy Memorial Trophy and U.S. and Germany each took one event.

FIELD TRIALS

Major VI, Mrs. Fraser M. Horn's six-year-old black Labrador which spent his early life retrieving empty beer cans in Long Island bar, won National Retriever championship at Weldon Spring, Mo., dethroning two-time winner King Buck.

SAILING

Harris (Harry) Whittemore of Middlebury, Conn. finished third in final race but won Western Hemisphere Snipe Regatta championship with 7,765 points at Havana.

GOLF

Arnold Palmer of Cleveland, 1954 U.S. Amateur champion, turned professional, following in footsteps of Billy Maxwell and Gene Littler, other former amateur winners. Palmer plans to make start as touring pro in Miami Open next month.

TENNIS

Rex Hartwig won unimpressive 6-3, 6-4, 8-6 victory over Mervyn Rose in final of New South Wales championship at Sydney. Earlier, Ken Rosewall and Lewis Hoad beat Hartwig and Rose 7-5, 8-6, 6-1, for doubles crown.

COURT TENNIS

Albert B. Johnson of New York, U.S. pro champion, defeated Alastair B. Martin of Glen Cove, L.I., seven sets to one, to win North American Open title, at New York. Johnson will meet English open champion in home-and-home series in April.

AUTO RACING

Danny Graves of Stockton, Calif. was named 1954 champion of sportsman division of National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing at Daytona Beach, Fla. Graves won 53 races, was runner-up 14 times.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED – Lou Little, by New York Football Writers Association; on 25th anniversary as Columbia University football coach, at New York.

DIED – Robert E. Harlow, 65, well-known golf authority and publisher of *Golf World*, former sportswriter and manager of pro golfers; of heart attack, at Pinehurst, N.C. Harlow arranged match in which Hagen beat Bobby Jones in Sarasota, Fla. in 1926.

DIED – George Bothner, 87, onetime world lightweight wrestling champion (1907); at New York. Although he never weighed more than 140 pounds, Bothner once defeated Tom Jenkins, world heavyweight titleholder, in handicap match.

HOW 200 U.S. COLLEGE TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

EAST

Bloomsburg 40–L Haven 13
Boston U 19–Temple 7
Brandeis 19–New Haven 2
Buffalo 20–RPI 19
Delaware 20–Bucknell 0
Gettysburg 33–F&M 0
Harvard 13–Yale 9
Hofstra 37–Kings Pt 0
Holy Cross 46–Conn 26
Juniata 28–Jamestus 6
Lafayette 46–Lehigh 0
Moravian 27–Wilkes 14
PMC 28–Albright 6
Penn State 13–Pitt 0
Princeton 49–Dartmouth 7
Quonset 12–B'port 6
Rutgers 45–Columbia 12
Scranton 26–King's C 13
Swarthmore 21–Haverf'd 6
Syracuse 20–Fordham 7
Wagner 14–Brooklyn C 0
W Va 28–N C State 3

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Abilene Ch 53–Ark. St. 0
Alcorn 44–Tougaloo 6
Allen 30–Beth Cook 7
Ark Tech 26–Ozarks 7
Auburn 27–Clemson 6
Austin 40–S Dakota 6
Baylor 33–SMU 21
Delta St 20–S E Mo 6
Duke 26–S Carolina 7
E Tex St 7–S W Tex St 7
Elon 14–Davidson 6
Emory-Henry 19–R Macon 0
Florence 27–E Tenn 14
Fla St 47–Stetson 6
Grambling 21–Ark A&M 13
Jacksonville 32–Howard 0
J C Smith 0–Shaw 0
Kentucky 14–Tennessee 13
Knoxville 21–Ala A&M 6
Little Rock 44–Ark T. 6
Louisiana 47–S'western 27
LSU 7–Arkansas 6
La Tech 51–N E La St 6
Maryland 48–Geo Wash 6
Miss. Navy 21–Tenn Mart 6
Miami 23–Alabama 7
Miles 38–Ft Valley 31
Miss. S 34–Memph St 21
Morehouse 12–Fisk 6
Murray St 19–W. Ky St. 0
N Carolina 26–Virginia 14
Ohio Wes 19–Sewanee 6
Ouachita 19–South St 14
Rice 6–TCU 0
South U 59–Fla A&M 23
S E La 32–N'west (La) 6
Tampa 25–Appalachian 20
Tenn. St. 34–Ky. St. 12
Texas A& 20–Mex City 13
Texas Tech 61–Houston 14
Trinity 13–N. Tex. St 0
Vanderbilt 34–Villanova 19
W Md 12–J. Hopkins 7
Wiley 40–Paul Quinn 0
Wm & Mary 13–W Forest 9
Wofford 19–Furman 0

WEST

Alma 49–Olivet 0
Bradley 20–Wash (St L) 19
Butler 13–W Reserve 13
Dayton 13–Xavier (O) 0
Ill Norm 27–Ill Wes. 7
Kent St 20–W Mich 13
Mich St. 40–Marquette 10
Missouri 41–Kansas 18
N'western 20–Illinois 7
Notre Dame 34–Iowa 18
Ohio St 21–Michigan 7
Ohio U 26–Marshall 25
Oklahoma 55–Nebraska 7
Purdue 13–Indiana 7
Wichita 20–Detroit 0
Wisconsin 27–Minnesota 0
Wooster 26–Oberlin 12
Wyoming 28–Tulsa 27

FAR WEST

Arizona 54–Arizona St 14
California 28–Stanford 20
Colorado 38–Kan St 14
Colo Mines 12–Colo C 6
Idaho 7–Brig Young 0
Lewis & Clark 38–E Wash 13
N Mex 39–N Mex A&M 27
Oregon 33–Oregon St 14
Pomona Cl 27–Occidental 7
S Diego St 33–S Barb 14
S Jose St 28–Fresno St 0
UCLA 34–S Cal 0
Utah 41–Montana 7
Wash St 26–Wash 7

(Professionals)

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

EASTERN DIVISION

1. **Cleveland** W-6 L-2 T-0 Pct .750	Philadelphia **6-0**	3. **Philadelphia** W-5 L-4 T-0 Pct .556	Cleveland 6-0	5. **Washington** W-2 L-7 T-0 Pct .222	Chicago Cards 16-38
2. **New York** W-6 L-3 T-0 Pct .667	Los Angeles 16-17	4. **Pittsburgh** W-4 L-5 T-0 Pct .444	San Francisco 3-31	5. **Chicago Cards** W-2 L-7 T-0 Pct .222	Washington **38-16**

WESTERN DIVISION

1. **Detroit** W-7 L-1 T-0 Pct .875	Green Bay **21-17**	2. **Los Angeles** W-5 L-3 T-1 Pct .625	New York 17-16	5. **Green Bay** W-4 L-7 T-0 Pct .444	Detroit 17-21
2. **San Francisco** W-5 L-3 T-1 Pct .625	Pittsburgh **31-3**	4. **Chicago Bears** W-5 L-4 T-1 Pct .556	Baltimore **28-13**	6. **Baltimore** W-1 L-8 T-0 Pct .111	Chicago Bears 13-28

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL

Natl Basketball Assn

Eastern Division

1. **Syracuse** W-7 L-4 Pct .636	Phila. **86-85**	Ft. Wayne **91-82**	Roch. **80-79**	Bost. **110-104**	
2. **New York** W-6 L-4 Pct .600	Balt 107-110	Phila. **96-94**	Bost. 98-117		
3. **Philadelphia** W-3 L-2 Pct .600	Syra 85-86	N.Y. 94-96	Ft. Wayne **99-82**		
4. **Boston** W-5 L-4 Pct .556	Roch. **99-98**	N.Y. **117-98**	Syra. 104-110		
5. **Baltimore** W-3 L-10 Pct .231	N.Y. **110-107**	Ft Wayne 92-103	Milw. **99-92**	Minn. 85-116	

Western Division

1. **Ft. Wayne** W-8 L-3 Pct .727	Syra. 82-91	Balt. **103-92**	Phila. 82-99	Roch. **89-78**
2. **Minneapolis** W-6 L-3 Pct .667	Balt **116-85**			
3. **Rochester** W-3 L-6 Pct .333	Bost. 98-99	Syra. 79-80	Ft. Wayne 78-89	
4. **Milwaukee** W-2 L-7 Pct .222	Balt 92-99			

BILLIARDS

LEE LERNER, Milwaukee, Natl Amateur invitational 3-cushion billiards title with 390 pts., Chicago

BOXING

TOMMY (HURRICANE) JACKSON, 6-round TKO over Keene Simmons heavyweights, Providence R I
REX LAYNE, 7-round disqualification over Bill Boatsman, heavyweight, Salt Lake City
GENE FULMER, 10-round decision over Peter Muller middleweights, New York
GIL TURNER 8-round TKO over Charley Scott welterweights Philadelphia
JOE MICELI and BOB STECHER 10-round draw welterweights, Omaha
CHICO VARONA, 10-round decision over Charley Salas, welterweights, Havana
WALLACE (BUD) SMITH, 9-round KO over Arthur Persley lightweights, Miami

DOG SHOWS

CH. TRULY FAIR OF MARDORMERE, best-in-show, Newark Kennel Club, Newark, N.J

FIELD TRIALS

TIME SUPPLY, Missouri Open Field Trial championship, Weldon Spring, Mo
PALLADIAN PERSEUS open championship natl gun dog trials Weimeraner Club of America Gridley, Calif

HARNESS RACING

KATIE KEY Southern California Trot, 1 m., in photo finish, in 2:00⅕, Hollywood Pk, Inglewood, Calif Stan Adams, driver
FREEMAN HANOVER Good Guy Pace, 1 m., in 1:58⅕ Hollywood Pk Inglewood, Calif Ken Cartmal, driver.

HOCKEY

Natl Hockey League

1. **Montreal** W-13, L-6, T-1 Pts 27	Toronto 2-5, **5-4**	New York **4-1**	Boston 0-2	
2. **Toronto** W-9, L-5, T-5 Pts 23	Montreal **5-2, 4-5**	Boston 0-1	New York 2-2	
3. **Detroit** W-11, L-6, T-1 Pts 23	Chicago **5-0, 1-0**			
4. **New York** W-6, L-9, T-3 Pts 15	Boston 2-2	Montreal 1-4	Toronto 2-2	
5. **Boston** W-5, L-8, T-4 Pts 14	New York 2-2	Chicago **5-1**	Toronto **1-0**	Montreal **3-0**
6. **Chicago** W-3, L-13, T-2 Pts 8	Boston 1-5	Detroit 0-5, 0-1		

HORSE RACING

MLLE LORETTE $19,450 Gallorette Stakes 1⅛ m., by ½ length, in 1:50⅘ (track record) Pimlico Md Augustino Catalano up
IMBROS $11,000 Pacific Handicap, 6 f by 1¼ lengths, in 1:11⅘, Golden Gate Fields, Albany Calif Johnny Longden up

SOCCER

ARMY and NAVY 1-1 tie West Point N Y
MARYLAND, over Virginia, 7-0, Atlantic Coast Conference championship Charlottesville Va

TRACK & FIELD

NICK COSTES, Boston U., New England A A.U cross-country championship in 33 26 Boston
V.M.I., Southern Conference cross-country championship, with 27 pts., Lexington, Va
ALLEN FRAME, Kansas N C A.A. cross-country championship in 19.54.2, E Lansing, Mich

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● RADIO NETWORK: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

November 26 through December 2

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26

Boxing
- ● Percy Bassett vs. Teddy (Redtop) Davis, feather weights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (12 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football
Nebraska vs. Hawaii, Honolulu (N).

Sailing
Chesapeake Bay Intl. 14 Dinghy Assn. Invitation Thanksgiving Regatta, Round Bay Beach, Md.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27

Auto Racing
Sports car road race, Torrey Pines, Calif.

Basketball
Baltimore Bullets vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Baltimore, 8:30 p.m.
- ● Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (NBC following football game)

N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Syracuse Nationals, New York, 9 p.m.
Rochester Royals vs. Boston Celtics, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Bowling
Stroh Beer, Detroit vs. Maibach Furniture, Akron, O., U.S. men's team match championship, Akron.

Football
Piggy Bank Bowl Game, Meriden, Conn. vs. Redondo Beach, Calif., Meriden, Conn.
(Leading college games)
EAST
- ● Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia, 12:45 p.m. (ABC). Men to watch: Army's Pete Vann (10) and Tommy Bell (46) and Navy's George Welsh (11) and Phil Monahan (33)

Boston College vs. Holy Cross, Boston.
Fordham vs. Villanova, New York.
SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Auburn vs. Alabama, Birmingham, Ala.
Baylor vs. Rice, Waco, Tex.
Florida vs. Miami, Gainesville, Fla.
Georgia vs. Georgia Tech, Athens, Ga.
Houston vs. Arkansas, Houston, Tex.
Mississippi vs. Mississippi State, Oxford, Miss.
N. Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
S.M.U. vs. T.C.U., Dallas, Tex.
Tulane vs. L.S.U., New Orleans.
Vanderbilt vs. Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn.
WEST
- ● Notre Dame vs. S. California, South Bend, Ind., 1:45 p.m. (Mutual)
- ● Oklahoma A&M vs. Oklahoma, Stillwater, Okla., 2:15 p.m. (ABC)

FAR WEST
Arizona vs. Wyoming, Tucson, Ariz. (N).
(Professionals)
- ● Grey Cup Game, Montreal vs. Edmonton, Toronto, 12:45 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey
Montreal Canadiens vs. Detroit Red Wings, Montreal
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers, Toronto.

Horse Racing
Golden Gate Mile, $15,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
Barbara Fritchie Handicap, $15,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr. olds up, fillies & mares, Bowie, Md.

Table Tennis
Natl. team championships, Indianapolis.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Auto Racing
Sports car rally, San Antonio, Tex.

Basketball
Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m.
Minneapolis Lakers vs. Boston Celtics, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T.
Syracuse Nationals vs. N.Y. Knickerbockers, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Football
- ● Baltimore Colts vs. San Francisco 49ers, Baltimore, 2 p.m. (Du Mont*).
- ● Chicago Bears vs. Los Angeles Rams, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC local blackout)
- ● N.Y. Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, New York, 2 p.m. (Du Mont*).

Philadelphia Eagles vs. Washington Redskins, Philadelphia, 2 p.m.
Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Chicago Cardinals, Pittsburgh, 2 p.m.

Hockey
Boston Bruins vs. Detroit Red Wings, Boston
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Chicago
N.Y. Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, New York.

Track & Field
Natl. AAU cross-country championship, Philadelphia

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Boxing
- ● Gil Turner vs. Ray Drake, middleweights, East Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).
- ● Lulu Perez vs. Joey Lopes, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30

Basketball
Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Minneapolis Lakers, 7:30 p.m.; N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Philadelphia Warriors, 9:30 p.m., Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.
Milwaukee Hawks vs. Boston Celtics, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.

Hockey
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Montreal Canadiens, Omaha

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1

Basketball
Boston Celtics vs. Milwaukee Hawks, St. Louis, 9:15 p.m. C.S.T.
N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Syracuse Nationals, 7:45 p.m., Philadelphia Warriors vs. Baltimore Bullets, 9:30 p.m., Philadelphia
Rochester Royals vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing
- ● Charley Norkus vs. Roland La Starza, heavyweights, Cleveland Arena (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Hockey
N.Y. Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, New York.
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Boston Bruins, Toronto.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2

Basketball
Milwaukee Hawks vs. Minneapolis Lakers, 7:30 p.m. C.S.T., Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Boston Celtics, 9:15 p.m. C.S.T., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Syracuse Nationals vs. Rochester Royals, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing
Johnny Saxton vs. Ramon Fuentes, welterweights (nontitle), Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles (10 rds.)
Pappy Gault vs. Johnny O'Brien, bantamweights, W. Palm Beach, Fla. (15 rds.)

Field Trials
Natl. English Springer Spaniel field trials, Carbondale, Ill.

Hockey
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Boston Bruins, Chicago.
Detroit Red Wings vs. Montreal Canadiens, Detroit.

*See local TV listing

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO = season opened (or opens); **SC** = season closed (or closes); **SV** = season varies by district or water.
C = clear water; **D** = water dirty or roily; **M** = water muddy.
N = water at normal height; **SH** = slightly high; **H** = high; **VH** = very high; **L** = low; **R** = rising; **F** = falling.
WT50 = water temperature 50°.
FG = fishing good; **FF** = fishing fair; **FP** = fishing poor. **OG** = outlook good; **OP** = outlook poor.

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

STRIPED BASS: NEW YORK: "From big winds blowed us no good," lamented one Montauk [illegible] as even the surf fishermen put stripper tackle away for winter. There's been a few flurries, but by and large Long Island's bass season has had it.

CALIFORNIA: Suisun Bay, Napa River and lower Delta report **FG** and **OG** if good weather holds; Sacramento River picking up in some sections; report best striper fishing since '49 and several bruisers caught on bullheads. Yup, bullheads.

NORTH CAROLINA: Huge [illegible] of striped bass in Roanoke Sound area since Nov. 10 will average about 4 pounds but occasional 15-pounders reported. Charter and private boats casting and trolling in waters of Croatan, Albemarle and Roanoke sounds and **OG** through next week. Best lures are bucktails and chromium drones or spoons.

SNOOK: FLORIDA: Myakka River (on west coast) near Punta Gorda was hot last week with shore fishermen using surface plugs and should be productive now; fish are mostly in 3-pound class and the size for Pyramid Buckstail. Night trollers at Fort Pierce taking big snook on large spoons and plugs near South Bridge, and **OG** next ten days. Most inland waterway spots producing well, but little action on shrimp.

BLACK BASS: LOUISIANA: Bigmouths to 4 pounds were taking minnows and plugs in Saline Bayou in the Catahoula Lake country of central Louisiana last week and **OG** unless heavy rain has mucked up the water; stop at Walker's bait shop in Jena for lowdown on local conditions.

MISSOURI: Lake Norfork still far below normal and **FP**, but heavy rains last week brightened outlook a bit; expect to pound [illegible] and a few limit catches are reported and may herald overdue return. Bull Shoals still low despite 12-foot rise in past month; **FG** and **OG**.

NEW MEXICO: Elephant Butte and Caballo lakes [illegible] **OG** next two weeks.

NEVADA: Lake Mead bass action showed in last few days but experts still coldecking whoppers on [illegible] **OF**.

ARIZONA: Havasu Lake producing fair catches but [illegible] **OG**.

CALIFORNIA: Trailerites are moving into camps from Parker Dam to Cibola; River and pulling tackle out of sight for peak winter bass and catfish seasons. **OG** through December.

TENNESSEE: Off-and-on weather paying off for Tennessee Valley anglers as Cherokee and Douglas [illegible] producing frequent limit catches averaging 3 pounds; small spoons and plugs are favorite lures and **OG** in both cases.

FLORIDA: Apalachicola River reports bassing picking up, but most freshwater areas in northwest Florida need two weeks of soaking to lift lake levels. Best bass bets in north-central Florida are Griffin, Harris and Carr on Lakes **FG** in Okeechobee and canals in south end of lake but few large fish reported; **OF**.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Most coastal rivers are now coloring after rains and runs are picking up; top streams are Russian River from mouth to Monte Rio, and Eel from mouth to Scotia. Sacramento is producing lots of limits, mostly in 5-pound class but Corning, Osborn and Tehama riffles are showing a few lunkers (including a season-record 17-pounder last week on bait); **OG** through next week.

OREGON: Steelhead are plentiful in coastal streams but most are **VH, D**, [illegible] **OP** as [illegible]

BRITISH COLUMBIA: First winter-run fish have been caught in Capilano River; South Thompson slowed down a bit last week but reported one 19-pounder on fly. All Vancouver Island and lower mainland streams **VH, D**, unfishable now, but a few dry days will drop smaller streams to fishing height, then winter fish will be in and fishing will be on.

BLUEFISH: LOUISIANA: If you have a washtub you want filled with blues from 2 to 4 pounds take a charter boat from Grand Isle to any offshore oil platform; night fishing is hottest but even by daylight a feathered dude or small plug will get results; **OG** through next fortnight.

FLORIDA: Blues are slowing up in most east coast waters but are thickest in Fort Pierce and Vero Beach areas, part [illegible] at Miami Beach, are still connecting; **OF** for next ten days.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Chinooks are plentiful in the Sacramento but paying little attention to lures. Silvers providing some action in Noyo. Big and lower Eel rivers but **OP**.

OREGON: Rains and high tides have wangled good late run of silvers into Siltcoos Lake, and some [illegible] and [illegible] are getting fine [illegible] near mouth; weather [illegible] and **OG** through next week.

WEAKFISH: NORTH CAROLINA: Morehead City Beaufort waters producing [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] of sound and near harbors and causeways, and **OG** through next week.

FLORIDA: **FG** in most bays of inlets of west coast, with fish improving in quantity and quality. Editors C. H. Hamilton of Richmond (Va.) *News Leader* and Peyton Winfree of Lynchburg (Va.) *News and Daily Advance* took 24 speckled sea trout on flats of upper Old Tampa Bay last week.

LOUISIANA: **FF** in Vermilion Bay from New Iberia and will improve as winter progresses.

SAILFISH: MEXICO: 140-pound sail boated Nov. 20 at Acapulco. Charter boats are averaging 4 to 7 strikes daily, and **OG** while fine weather continues.

FLORIDA: **FG** from Palm Beach to Miami Beach, with most fish up to 50 pounds and [illegible] reported.

TROUT: IDAHO: Lake Pend Oreille's season closed Nov. 30 not with a whimper but a bang as three trout over 25 pounds and many from 16 to 20 pounds were caught, from the lake to its outlet in last days' [illegible].

CALIFORNIA: **FG** for rainbows in Shasta and Almanor lakes, both [illegible] Shasta has had [illegible].

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

[illegible]
Conway 82 [illegible] Berton Crandall 85 I.N.P. 87 U.P. I.N.P. Joe Azar 88 I.N.P.

FEET ON THE SHOWER ROOM FLOOR

The latest study of athlete's foot shows that the rule book on how to prevent the pesky fungus infection should be rewritten

THE time-honored rituals of curtailing athlete's foot by wading through antiseptic foot baths, dousing floors with disinfectants, sterilizing bath mats, towels, slippers and socks may be well and good for keeping areas in and around swimming pools, gymnasiums and shower rooms clean. But as far as killing off athlete's foot is concerned, they are as ineffective as sulphur and molasses.

This, at least, is one expert medical opinion. For the past 22 months, Dr. Rudolf L. Baer and his associates at New York University have been investigating ways to wipe out that pesky fungus that feasts on the toes. While their research, financed by the Army, is only partially completed, they have turned up some heartening —if not startling—news for feet on the shower room floor.

For many years most everyone has believed or been warned that athlete's foot is highly contagious. This idea that you "catch" the itching, burning infection directly from another person's infected feet is behind the maze of regulations which city and state health departments have set up to restrict the spread of the disease.

But Dr. Baer and a number of other dermatologists over the past 25 years have never gone along with this theory. In their opinion, flare-ups of athlete's foot rarely result from a new, outside infection. Almost everyone, they believe, picks up the fungus in childhood and, like the bacteria which causes boils, it lives harmlessly on the skin for years. Only when an individual's resistance becomes lowered can the fungus, already on the feet, get a toehold.

To prove the point, Dr. Baer's team ran a series of tests on more than 100 doctors, nurses and technicians who served as guinea pigs. In one experiment, they selected a group of volunteers known to be free of athlete's foot fungi, then deliberately tried to give them an acute infection. For 30 minutes at a time, once a week, the subjects bathed one of their feet in a pan of water containing 100,000 times the amount of fungi they could possibly pick up from a shower room floor. At the end of six weeks, the researchers found that while more than half of the exposed feet harbored fungi, not one had developed a single infection.

INEFFECTIVE AND HARMFUL

From all the evidence collected, concludes Dr. Baer, most of the measures commonly used today to prevent athlete's foot are not only ineffective but are potentially harmful and should be discarded.

- It is useless to douse areas around bathrooms, showers and swimming pools with fungicidal agents since there is no proof whatsoever that these are breeding grounds for the fungus.
- It is equally useless to attempt to sterilize shoes and socks. While they may contain fungi, sterilization does nothing to the feet, which continue to carry the microbes. In fact, it is likely to do more harm than good; chemicals used in sterilizing may irritate the skin to such an extent that dormant fungi can stage a full-scale invasion.
- It is naive to expect that wading for a few seconds through a basin of antiseptic solution will help ward off the disease. These stagnant, unhygienic puddles should be abandoned.
- There is no reason to exclude persons with athlete's foot from public facilities since the relatively small number of fungus particles they might drop is unlikely to cause trouble.

What then can be done to guard against athlete's foot? Dr. Baer answers with six suggestions:

1. Wear perforated shoes whenever possible, to allow perspiration to evaporate. Moisture makes the skin between the toes soggy and the chemical skin reaction, normally acid, becomes neutral or alkaline. Either of these conditions lowers resistance to the fungus.

2. Wear wool or cotton socks which will absorb moisture, rather than nylon, rayon or other nonabsorbing fabrics.

3. Regularly use a dry, *mild* foot powder that contains a fatty acid.

4. Insert lamb's wool between the toes if the web of skin tends to be soft and moist.

5. Carefully dry feet and toes after bathing and change footgear whenever the socks and shoes become wet.

6. Use nonalkaline soapless detergents when washing the feet rather than ordinary toilet or other soaps.

HOOVER'S GOLDEN GATE

No one, including the teams and business manager Herbert Hoover, was prepared for the first frenzied Stanford-California football game

LOREN HUNT. California fullback, played for the heavier and more experienced team—and lost.

WHENEVER Stanford and California renew their football rivalry, as they did last week at Berkeley's Memorial Stadium, they rekindle a hot, old fire. More than 80,000 can gather comfortably around the conflagration at Berkeley today. But no well-planned event in this series is likely to provide such extravagant entertainment as the first game, which was played before less than 10,000 fans, half of whom were not expected.

In some ways Stanford and California did plan for their March 19, 1892 meeting. But if it had not been for a Stanford undergraduate named Herbert Hoover, who tried to extract sudden order from delirious chaos, the kick-off might never have taken place.

The quaintly fantastic adventure which has been recorded as the Far West's first intercollegiate football game began when California, which for 10 years had played high school and club teams, decided to go big time and challenged Stanford. The junior college was not precisely prepared for such an event. But the students—particularly one John Whittemore—would not admit the fact. Whittemore had come to Stanford from St. Louis University, where he had played a couple of seasons of football. Delegating himself the left halfback, he beseeched his friends to rally to the cause. The young men who turned out were neither massive nor experienced. But they were eager, and they called Whittemore "Coach."

Meanwhile students chose a young Hoover (class of 1895) to arrange the California game. Gambling on the gate, he approached Dave Goulcher, San Francisco sporting goods dealer, with an order for new uniforms—all on credit. Goulcher acceded. Hoover and

HERBERT HOOVER, undaunted by the trials of the first California game, still managed Stanford football in 1894-95. No wonder, for in his first game as manager he had proved himself eminently qualified for the job by taking in bagfuls of silver and gold coins from the huge crowd of almost 10,000 fans. Here he is flanked by players Arthur Burnett and William Soper.

FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM at Stanford posed for this picture about the time of the 1892 California game. The loungers in front may have been advertising the class of 1895. None of the players in the Far West's first intercollegiate game wore numbers. Stanford boys felt resplendent in new cardinal jerseys and moleskin vests and pants, procured on credit by Herbert Hoover.

his California counterpart, Herbert Lang, rented the Haight Street baseball grounds in San Francisco for $250. And, in a burst of optimism, Hoover ordered the printing of 5,000 tickets.

On the eve of the contest college students boiled through San Francisco streets. Flashing their school colors they banged, rattled and blew a variety of noisemakers in a concerted effort to draw attention to the mayhem of the morrow. The next day, while players started toward the field from downtown hotels in gaily bedecked tallyhos, Hoover was confronted with a curious problem at the scene of impending action. The 5,000 tickets (priced at $2) had been sold, and still drays and carriages arrived laden with fans. Gold and silver currency already was spilling from bags over the floor of the ticket booth. The frantic Hoover quickly sent assistants to scour the neighborhood for wash boilers, dishpans, bathtubs—anything to hold more coins. Hastily organizing a force of student police, he directed them to escort a customer to the gate in return for each cash payment. By game time 5,000 jammed the stands and several thousand more jostled in a driveway around the field.

BUT WHERE WAS THE FOOTBALL?

Between bets which made the heavier California team 10–1 favorites, the boisterous throng sounded off with fish horns, Chinese fiddles, conch shells, rattles, bazoos and bells. The noise continued after the players rolled up in their tallyhos and took the field. Soon, however, they quit the gridiron amid a mighty silence. There was no football!

Horrified, Hoover begged Goulcher, who had come to see his uniforms in use, to ride into town and get one. That unhappy man made the trip but could find no bladder for a football. Instead he put a punching bag bladder in the pigskin, creating a not-so-prolate spheroid. Over an hour passed before he returned to the field with his awkward invention.

Whittemore, who won the toss, quickly noticed that the ball was misshapen, and chose to kick off. When unsuspecting California fumbled a few plays later Stanford took over on the Bears' 45. They tried a great experiment which they had been practicing under Whittemore's direction. The ball was centered to Quarterback Tom Code, who gave it to Whittemore. While Code and Fullback Carl Clemans led him to the center of the line, the other halfback, Paul Downing, who had received the ball in a hand-off, ran unnoticed down the sideline. It was probably football's first reverse play. When the confused Californians finally turned around they saw Downing squatting on the ball between the goal posts. Almost an hour and three-quarters later the referee blew the final whistle. Stanford had won, 14–10.

Hoover, Lang and a squad of assistants spent the night counting receipts in a room at the California Hotel. By 3 a.m. Sunday morning nearly $20,000 had been stuffed into cloth bags. Hoover put the bags under the mattress of his hotel bed and told a group of Stanford students to sleep on it. Only then did the future President relax enough to reflect that he had been too busy to see the game.

in the APBA-sanctioned regatta at Lakeland, Fla. On Aug. 9 he set class B and C outboard hydro records under the APBA at Seattle, then followed by winning the nationals in the same classes at Pasco, and topped it all off by setting still another class C record in the NOA's speed trials at Knoxville. Tenney is not the only racer to compete under both associations. But NOA and APBA have carried on a three-year tug of war for boats and drivers, climaxed this September by an APBA black-list issued against 19 men who drove at Knoxville.

At the APBA meeting in New Orleans, a motion to rescind the black-list was brought up, but no action taken. During the further course of the meeting, some progress was made through peace feelers sent out by both organizations. To date, no concrete move toward cooperation or affiliation has been made by either party. But boat-racers and enthusiasts all over the U.S. are hopeful that the next few years will bring a union of the major groups in the country. Then at year's end there will be one set of champions whose supremacy will be unquestioned, and who can be singled out as the true representatives of their classes for any international challenges that may be made in the upcoming seasons.

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

Inboard Division

48 CU. IN. HYDRO: Gillette Smith, Sept. 6 at Long Beach, Calif.

91 CU. IN. HYDRO: Sam Crooks, Feb. 6 at St. Petersburg, Fla.

135 CU. IN. HYDRO: J. C. Townsend, Aug. 1 at Louisville, Ky.

136 CU. IN. HYDRO: Wallace Rowland, Sept. 6 at Millville, N.J.

225 CU. IN. HYDRO: Dr. W. P. Linss, Aug. 22 at Cincinnati, O.

266 CU. IN. HYDRO: Ray Gassner, Nov. 7 at Salton Sea, Calif.

7 LITER HYDRO: Ray Fageol, Aug. 15, at Buffalo, N.Y.

PACIFIC ONE DESIGN: Marion Beaver, Nov. 7 at Salton Sea, Calif.

44 CU. IN. RUNABOUT: William Ott, Sept. 6 at Millville, N.J.

***CRACKER BOX RUNABOUT:** Carl Maginn, Nov. 7 at Salton Sea.

CLASS B RACING RUNABOUT: Ernest Rose, July 18 at Merced, Calif.

CLASS C RACING RUNABOUT: Les Trafton, Feb. 7, St. Petersburg

CLASS E RACING RUNABOUT: Bob Willis, Aug. 15 at Buffalo, N.Y.

***CLASS D SERVICE RUNABOUT:** Harry Bickford, Aug. 15 at Buffalo

CLASS E SERVICE RUNABOUT: Bill Engle, Aug. 15 at Buffalo

CLASS F SERVICE RUNABOUT: H. G. Hibbert, Aug. 15 at Buffalo

CLASS I SERVICE RUNABOUT: C. Hickman, Sept. 14, Ocean City, N.J.

**Record-breakers*

Outboard Division

CLASS M OUTBOARD HYDRO: R. Frawley, Sept. 25-27, Pasco, Wash.

CLASS A OUTBOARD HYDRO: Orlando Torigiani, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS B OUTBOARD HYDRO: W. L. Tenney, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS C OUTBOARD HYDRO: W. L. Tenney, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS C SERVICE HYDRO: O. Dupuis, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS C RACING RUNABOUT: W. L. Tenney, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS C SERVICE RUNABOUT: W. Rankin, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS F HYDRO: P. J. Owens, Sept. 25-27 at Pasco

CLASS F RACING RUNABOUT: W. Siemsen, Sept. 18, Vallejo, Calif.

Stock Outboard Division

CLASS JU RUNABOUT: Michael Helm, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS AU RUNABOUT: Richard O'Dea, Aug. 28-30 at DePere, Wis.

CLASS BU RUNABOUT: Eddie West, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS CU RUNABOUT: Ronald Loomis, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS DU RUNABOUT: John Jackson, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS A STOCK HYDRO: D. Baldaccini, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS B STOCK HYDRO: Bob Parish, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

CLASS D STOCK HYDRO: F. Huebner, Aug. 28-30 at De Pere, Wis.

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19th HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE HOUSE IS YOURS

Sirs:

Any time Staffers Robert Creamer and Jerry Cooke want to come for dinner, they are welcome! That's the least I can offer the two gentlemen who so accurately portrayed Slippery Rock in SI, Nov. 15 issue.

I'd hazard a guess that Cooke's picture of "Old Main" was shot from atop the watertower. I surmise that the lack of spectators on the fringes of the Rockets' last-minute drill is because everyone else on campus was down at Thompson Field, named for N. Kerr Thompson, coach at the Rock for more than 30 years. I know that the signpost is blue with yellow letters and trim.

I know, too, that Robert Creamer touched the spirit of Slippery Rock when he said that pride—pride based on real values—is a powerful force in the Pennsylvania college and town. It's a pride that carries on and on, long after undergraduate days are over. It's a reciprocal pride that makes us urge our students to get their educations at Slippery Rock, to pass on the thoughts and knowledge accrued there. It's pride that takes us back to Alumni Day reunion meetings. We're just proud of Slippery Rock!

Creamer and Cooke, the house is yours—provided you wear your green and white ribbons!

SHIRLEY B. COMSTOCK, '40
Erie, Pa.

● Says SI's Creamer: "I'll come, if only to find out what Mrs. Comstock was doing up that watertower."—ED.

I HAVE NO ALIBI . . .

Sirs:

My brother called my attention to an error I made in my letter which you carried in full in your Nov. 15 19TH HOLE. My mistake was in placing the Kaibab Plateau in southern Utah, whereas the whole area of that plateau is in northern Arizona. Should you receive outraged complaints on this inexcusably careless matter, please assure your readers that I am doing penance for it. It was more than 40 summers ago that my brother and I scurried in the wake of Jim Owns and his hounds after Kaibab varmints, and I had forgotten in the meantime that Utah doesn't reach nearly as far south as the North Rim of the Grand Canyon at that point. I have no better alibi.

You will in any case get some very angry letters over my reference to house cats as killers of grouse, etc. Actually the tabbies are not to blame for following their instinct to chase and kill, even when they are full fed. The real fault is with the brutal owners of superfluous feline pets who take them into the wilderness and abandon them. Maine seems to be the special dumping ground for cats, from vacationing city people from all over New England. These cats seem to have no natural enemies except great horned owls, and they are resourceful enough to hole up in winter in abandoned barns where they can keep going on a mouse menu.

It is fine news that you are carrying an article by Dr. Durward Allen (*Killing Predators Won't Guarantee More Game*, SI, Nov. 22). Had I known that a couple of weeks ago, I wouldn't have pestered you with my belly-ache over some of Mr. Gilligan's anti-fox angles.

GEORGE DOCK JR.
New York

● To err is human.—ED.

HIS MANY FRIENDS

Sirs:

The announcement in your MILEPOSTS (Oct. 18) of the death of Italy's Mario Verga while endeavoring to break the world's inboard speedboat record, was a great shock to his many friends here. Only last December he came to this country and won the International Grand Prix and the Baker Paladium Trophy at Miami's Orange Bowl Regatta.

Later, with his *Laura II*, powered with an Alfa Romeo engine about half the size of that in the Ford automobile, he made 132 mph, the highest boat speed ever made in the United States except with the big Allison and Rolls-Royce aircraft engines.

A brilliant driver and thorough gentleman, he made many friends in America. The boat in which he was killed was one he planned to bring to Miami in December. He hoped to break the world's record in the Unlimited Class which is now held by Stan Sayres of Seattle.

WILLIAM N. MANSFIELD
Miami, Florida

THE LATE MARIO VERGA

● On Oct. 9 Verga's *Laura XXX*, hurtling along Italy's Lake Iseo at a reported 185 mph (world record: 178.497 mph) leaped into the air, exploded and sank. As a result Britain's Don Campbell, son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, who feels that a "water barrier" may exist at about 200 mph, is revising his plans for testing a still experimental craft.—ED.

STEINS & TANKARDS

Sirs:

Fifty years flew out the window November 8th when I opened SI and saw the layout of Jack Level's *Rare Golf Steins*.

It was just about 56 years ago that I painted, for Lenox, Incorporated, eight of the 32 steins shown. It has been 50 years since I have seen one of the pieces. In those days there was a great demand by sports enthusiasts for steins and tankards illustrated with a favorite sport. I remember painting many a cyclist, football player and golfer. . . .

WM. H. CLAYTON
LENOX, INCORPORATED
Trenton, N.J.

FROM OUR SIDE . . .

Sirs:

The other day I saw by chance the second weekly issue of SI. Since there were many interesting items of general interest to us, as editors of similar sports publications in Czechoslovakia, we would like to have your magazine regularly. Therefore we would like to suggest to you that an exchange of your sports publication and ours be effected. From our side we would send you our weekly sports pictorial *Stadion* (stadium) and the most important issues of *Czechoslovak Sport*, which appears three times a week.

JOZEF VENDERIK
Editor
Czechoslovak Sport
Prague, Czechoslovakia

● It's a deal.—ED.

OLD MAN AND THE SNOOK

Sirs:

"Pat on the Back" kick in the pants might be more appropriate. West Palm Beach is trying desperately to keep its game-fish population in Lake Worth. With eleven snook (ROBALDO) and one amberjack, Old Man Weeks (SI, Nov. 1), as we call him, is doing his best to deplete it. By unwritten law, the ethical limit is two snook (30-40 lbs.) while Mr. Weeks has piled up around 130 or so—no wonder that spear-fishing is coming into bad taste in Fla. If those fish were barracuda, and only that, I would say that Weeks earned his "Pat on the Back." . . .

BILL PETERSON
Cambridge, Mass.

NUTS & BOLTS

Sirs:

In the Nov. 1 issue of SI you had some pictures of jewelry made from nuts, bolts and cotter pins. We are interested in this type of thing for our crafts class and are wondering if instructions are available.

CAROL COX
Fresno, Calif.

● Geomet Inc., 59 East 56th Street, NYC, sells the finished jewelry only but would be glad to correspond with teacher Cox on possible class use of the component parts.—ED.

OLD MASTERS

Sirs:

I trust you will realize that there are no hidden motives behind my pointing out some inaccuracies in the story of the Porsche car in your issue of Oct. 18.

The introductory paragraph states: "Out of West Germany five years ago emerged a . . . German automobile which revolutionized all previous concepts of what could be expected of a short wheel base and a small, four-cylinder engine. Last creation of the old German master, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche . . . air-cooled and rear-engined, it

continued on next page

also featured aerodynamic styling . . . which was years ahead of its contemporaries."

Actually the Porsche emerged out of southern Austria (Gmuend, in Carynthia Province) more than seven years ago. Only after struggling unsuccessfully against a chronic deficit, did the manufacturers sell the license of the car to Reutter of Stuttgart, Germany. This happened shortly before Porsche's death.

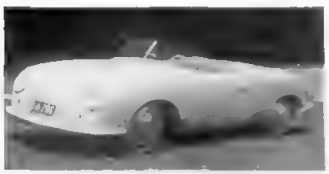
The car did not revolutionize concepts. In the early 1920s already, Porsche built the Austro-Daimler Sascha, a short-wheel-based automobile with a small four-cylinder engine, an outstanding performer. In the thirties, similar vehicles were produced in number. They included the sports version of the Italian Fiat 1100 ccm, the French Simca 8, the 750 ccm Morris of England, and the front-wheel-driven Adler of Frankfort, Germany. . . .

Also, Ferdinand Porsche was not German. He was born in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, in the Bohemian town of Maffersdorf, where he attended primary school, the only institution of learning from which he ever graduated. (All his diplomas are honorary.) He served in the Austrian army, and spent about 60 of his 75 years in Austria. Porsche was 50, and a famous constructor, when he received his first job in Germany (a short-lived managerial position with Mercedes); and even though Austrian citizens became German subjects after the Anschluss in 1938, Porsche was an Austrian again when he went into business with his "last creation."

Finally, air-cooled, rear-engined cars featuring aerodynamic style have been produced by TATRA of Nesselsdorf, Czechoslovakia, since the early '30s, about 15 years ahead of the Porsche.

ERWIN C. LESSNER

New York



1935 PORSCHE

● Many thanks to Old Master Lessner, a three-time winner of the Alpine Rally and victor in 48 major road races of the '20s and driver of Dr. Porsche's then experimental cars.—ED.

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

Sirs:

Your success in reaching weekly and appealing to the interest of everyone attached to sports makes your magazine a must in every he-man household.

Personally I'm a dry-fly trout fisherman addict—and so I like *Gordon's Fly Box;* my grandson is addicted to football, basketball and baseball—his room is plastered with pictures clipped from SI; the man next door would rather lose an arm than his bird dog; the chap across the street spends all his spare time bowling.

You are entertaining and enlightening all.

I agree with your readers who have written in appreciation of your recent choice of fiction. I would like to add: with fiction let's have actual human interest stories from readers who have enjoyed unusual experiences with rod and gun.

ARTHUR J. CARRUTH JR.

Topeka, Kan.

EARLY BIRD

Sirs:

I was so happy to see my brother Y. A. Tittle's picture on SI's Nov. 22 cover. Both my brothers, Y. A. and Jack, were fascinated by football since they were tots. As a youngster, Y. A. used to hang an inner tube in our back yard and practice passing through it. Here is a picture of him doing just that. His brother Jack was All-America at Tulane, I guess you could call us a football-minded family.

I am so glad that Baxter Springs' newsstands are finally getting some copies of SI. I have a standing reservation for each issue.

MRS. TOM HILLIARD

Baxter Springs, Kan.

LITTLE TITTLE, AGE 4

SPORTING GAIL

Sirs:

The picture of my daughter Gail which appeared in SI, Nov. 15 was evidently taken after Gail excused herself from a three-gaited class which was in the ring because she realized her mare, Sporting Jean, was injured. Gail's tears were because she felt very bad that her horse was hurt and she could not participate in the class, and not because she did not place in the event. . . .

MARY GUEST

Short Hills, N.J.

● A pat on the back to Gail.—ED.

RECOVERED ASSET

Sirs:

Your fine article on old Centre's 1921 football team (SI, Nov. 1) was a real treat to many an old-timer.

But—you do violence to my sense of justice when you say: "A Negro known only as Roscoe" made the trip to Harvard *hell's bells! Roscoe was no other than* Roscoe Brumback and a great asset he was to the team. I demand that you correct this slight to a wonderful personality whose full name I can recall after 33 years and whose smiling, cheerful face is still clear in the memory of all of us who knew him.

GEORGE F. YEAMAN

Sedalia, Mo.

● Norris Armstrong, captain of the '21 Centre team that upset Harvard, recalls Roscoe as "one of the most faithful fellows we've ever known." Roscoe's big day came when, dressed up in a black hat, claw-tail coat, white pants and cane, he performed the cakewalk between halves of the Harvard game. He stayed with the team about five years as rub-down and handy man and *then followed "Red" Roberts, of* Praying Colonel fame, about the country as a valet, died in Ohio about twenty years ago.—ED.

MY BRUISES PROVE

Sirs:

I have just read the article *A Presidential Precedent* on page 11 of your Nov. 1 issue. Just who thinks up such wild stories about "bloodied Bob Maxwell of Swarthmore being hit too hard and too often by Pennsylvania" in the 1905 game?

It so happens that I played opposite Maxwell in this game. If he were alive today, I know he would be the last person in the world to subscribe to this exaggerated statement. "Tiny" himself was not the most gentle player in the world. He gave everything he had as my own bruises would prove but there was nothing dirty or bloody in this game. . . .

FRANK H. HOBSON

Collegeville, Pa.

● But another eye witness contacted last week by SI says Pennsylvania "was laying for Maxwell," mainstay of the Swarthmore team. Menke's *Encyclopedia of Sports* and Miller's *The Truth About Big-Time Football,* both authoritative works, stress that Pennsylvania was out "to get" Maxwell. President Roosevelt, shocked by this and other evidence of football brutality (sample 1905 headlines: "Holy Cross Man Kicked . . . Dead"; "Iowa Boy Dead"; "Illinois Boy Killed"; *"Salem Boy Dies" threatened to discontinue* football by Executive edict, wrote to a Pennsylvania professor: "Brutality and foul play in football should receive the same summary punishment given to a man who cheats at cards. . . ."—ED.

GREETINGS

Sirs:

I was indeed happy to read MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER in SI, Nov. 15, as I was one of the two "nameless" salesmen that had the pleasure of meeting SI Publisher Harry Phillips on the train en route to Syracuse. The other was Irv Levine of New York City.

Here's to continued success to SI.

TOM HOGAN
PEDWIN Division
Brown Shoe Company

Auburn, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . I have gotten quite a bang about SI's Publisher's Memo . . . it must have caused a stir because my boss just called me from St. Louis about it . . . Will you please thank Publisher Harry Phillips for his kindness?

IRV LEVINE
PEDWIN Division
Brown Shoe Company

Auburn, N.Y.

● Harry says: "Hi Tom, Hi Irv!"—ED.

TOO YOUNG

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber of SI, I am delighted with the thorough coverage you give golf. It's the only real cradle-to-grave sport. I began playing it in 1898 at the Edgewater GC in Chicago, and today, at the age of 64½, I still have an impelling objective. I would like to match the feat of Roy Campbell, who was featured in your Nov. 1 PAT ON THE BACK for shooting a round of golf in a score lower than his age.

I'm still a little too young to turn that trick, but it's within close range now. By the time I'm 68 or 70, I should be able to accomplish this rarity. You can count on the fingers of both hands the number of golfers in the world today who have undershot their age.

Possibly the first man to perform this feat was Grantland Rice's close friend, Commodore Byron Heard, almost 20 years ago. On his 68th birthday, he announced he would cover the Houston GC in Texas in 68. He did. On his next two birthdays, he again matched his age. But he failed at 71. I also understand that Eugene Grace, chairman of the board of Bethlehem Steel Corp., has under-scored his age on the links at the Saucon Valley GC, Bethlehem, Pa.

Hoping to earn your "Pat on the Back" for a similar accomplishment before too long,

CHARLES (CHICK) EVANS

Chicago

AMATEUR EVANS

OLD PRO EVANS

● Even if he fails to reach this almost unattainable goal, Chick Evans will always be remembered as the only golfer in history to win the four most important American titles of his era: U.S. Open, U.S. Amateur, Western Open, Western Amateur. He and Bobby Jones were the only ones ever to win the U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur in the same year.—ED.

COINCIDENCES

Sirs:

Referring to your photographs of *Boxers in Bronze* by Mahonri Young in SI, Nov. 1, and coincidently your article on playground equipment by Professor Joseph Brown of Princeton in the same issue.

I did not like the sculptures you reproduced. It takes more than *enthusiasm* to do good athletic art. Young may be famous but in my opinion the finest sculptor of athletic subjects in this country—or any other for that matter—is this same Joe Brown mentioned in connection with playground equipment. If any one factor qualifies him for such a broad statement it is the fact that in his heyday Brown was a fine athlete: witness the fact that while he is today professor of sculpture at Princeton, his original job at that university was as coach of the boxing team, which position he still holds. . . .

Joe Brown's life with its varied athletic, educational and aesthetic background, his family and his wife, as well as the coincidence of his obtaining his present work at Princeton should make splendid biographical copy for your magazine.

Keep up the good work.

BERNARD B. ROTHSCHILD

Atlanta, Ga.

● SI is keeping up the good work with a soon-to-run color story on sculptor-athlete Brown.—ED.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION

Sirs:

If you have the address of Harold Williams of New York, the lad who wants a spinning reel swap on his German military telescope (SI, Nov. 8), please send this address to me. I can give him the swap to mutual satisfaction.

DELFIN RIOS

Westfield, Mass.

COMPETITION

Sirs:

In your Nov. 8 issue, it was mentioned in a letter by Harold Williams in 19TH HOLE that he would like to swap his scope for a spinning reel. Since the address given is not sufficient, I would appreciate it very much if you would send me his address if it is known.

MARTIN SCHIFF

Hempstead, N.Y.

● Mr. Williams is ready to consider all offers at 115 West 75th Street, New York City.

SOMETIME SAVIOR

Sirs:

I have enjoyed your SI very much and I think you all have done a good job.

One thing about your Nov. 1 SCOREBOARD: you never mentioned that two men were dedicated to the Football Hall of Fame at the Dartmouth-Colgate football game. The two were Oberlander (1926) and E. K. Hall, also a noted football man, sometimes known as the Savior of Football.

RICHARD HALL LEAVITT

Easthampton, Mass.

● A. J. Oberlander, a Chicago physician, served as halfback on Dartmouth's great '25 team (eight wins, no losses). E. K. Hall combined a successful business career with lifelong active interest in football. After graduating from Dartmouth in '92, Hall coached at Illinois. As chairman of the national Rules Committee from 1911–32 Hall rescued the game from near chaos by organizing conflicting regional regulations into today's national code of conduct.—ED.

GOOD READING

Sirs:

Rock Hill's best-known citizen paused long enough on Main Street for me to get this picture (*see cut*) of World Series Hero Dusty Rhodes reading the issue describing Rock Hill's welcome to its favorite son. Even to an unheroic photographer like myself, SI's text and pictures are a weekly boost.

JOE AZER

Rock Hill, S.C.

ALL ABOUT DUSTY

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Sirs:

Regarding your write-up (SI, Nov. 8) of the Illinois-Penn game on Oct. 31, 1925, no one was more surprised than Penn, but let me assure you that Penn led Illinois 2–0 just before the roof fell in. You may be interested in what I consider the greatest Red Grange story, the one which occurred on our bench that day.

After Grange had scored twice Lou Young, head coach, called for Ed Hake to take over in place of Joe Wilson, Penn's captain at left tackle, telling him to get in there and stop Grange. Believe it or not, despite the fact that Grange's number was a byword known to everybody (the 77 had been racing up and down the field) Ed Hake, who later was Penn captain in 1927, said to Lou, "Which one is Grange, Coach?"

MILLER MOORE

New York

HIS REPUTATION WAS CLEAN

Sirs:

Your Oct. 18 YESTERDAY, covering the Stanley Ketchel fight with Jack Johnson is a complete fiction. . . . The author of Ketchel *vs.* Johnson should look at the "Greatest Fights of the Century" and he will have to agree that Johnson was down for the full count of nine and rose and in desperation swung a hard right and con-

continued on next page

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nected, but at the same time had to hold on to the ring ropes to keep himself steady otherwise he would have fallen from sheer exhaustion or from the punch received from Ketchel.

Why the rematch between Ketchel and Johnson, if this first fight was a song & dance affair? Another thing, Ketchel's reputation was clean, and not smudged like the author implies. He did like to drive automobiles fast and like any other young man in his early 20s had his women.

E. T. NOWICKI

Greendale, Wis.

● SI is glad that Ketchel's ghost can still summon an impassioned fan, but all authorities agree that the Ketchel-Johnson match was as phony as Steve Ketchel's onetime manager Wilson Mizner, the most gifted confidence man of his time.—ED.

CLEAN-UP

Sirs:

SI's boxing articles are excellent. The objective reporting on professional matches plus the editorial policy of printing the facts about the hoods, hoodlums and hangers-on behind the scenes will help clean up this phase of the game.

It also leads me to believe that you will report as objectively on intercollegiate boxing, a sport which has been maligned by its critics who mistakenly identify it with professional boxing.

RAY CHISHOLM

Minneapolis

● Yes, indeed. See SOUNDTRACK, Nov. 22.—ED.

PRESENT WHEREABOUTS

Sirs:

In regards to Philip Potter's letter (19TH HOLE, Nov. 8) I thought you might like to pass on to him the whereabouts of Chick Gandil of the old White Sox.

He is living in Oakland, California, where, although still using the same name, almost none of his friends are aware of his past.

SI is great. Keep up the good work.

WALTER SCHILPP

Berkeley, Calif.

PLUMBER GANDIL

● Suspended by Judge Landis from baseball for life, Gandil became a plumber in Los Angeles while his wife ran a beauty parlor. Gandil is now 67, has two great-grandchildren, likes to play cards and is not at all reticent about his past. He is bitter over the "dirty deal" he received. "If we had lost four straight like Cleveland did in the last Series," says Gandil, "they would have hanged us." He is no longer interested in baseball and does not even watch it on television.—ED.

EXPENDABLE MATERIEL

Sirs:

Just finished reading Phinizy's piece on the balloon ascension (SI, Nov. 1) and thought it a very neat job. But one feature puzzled me. He didn't mention how he managed to bring his camera through the to-do. Isn't a photographer supposed to crash shielding his camera with his carcass?

BLANCHE DAY

Philadelphia

● "If that's what a photographer is supposed to do," says Phinizy. "I'm glad I'm a writer." SI's Coles Phinizy attributes his camera's survival to having tucked it inadvertently into his windjacket. After crashing, he found it sitting on his face.—ED.

OUR MEMBERS . . .

Sirs:

I am writing you in my capacity as President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America with respect to the article by Mr. Edmund Gilligan you carried Oct. 25, under the heading, *The Foxes That Never Eat Pheasants.*

Our Association is composed of 108 recognized and registered clubs and private owners of packs of foxhounds throughout the United States and Canada. Our individual membership, composed of the Masters of these various packs and former Masters, numbers 343. . . .

Needless to say, Mr. Gilligan's article created a very unfavorable impression upon the members of our organization, none of whom, I am confident, could feel that he gave a fair—or anything like a fair—picture of the fox-pheasant relationship as it truly exists. We have personally made a study of this over an extended period and I *can safely say that most of our members* have had a vastly greater experience in this field than Mr. Gilligan. . . .

Our own experience points to an entirely different conclusion and we feel that the other side of the case at least deserves an equally fair presentation to your public . . .

GILBERT MATHER
President
Masters of Foxhounds
Association of America

Philadelphia

● SI, fully aware that it can please fox hunters only some of the time and pheasant shooters no more frequently, will continue to interest itself in fox hunting, pheasant shooting, conservation and game management. Meanwhile, let the fox hunter find comfort in Dr. Allen's Nov. 22 article, *Killing Predators Won't Guarantee More Game.*—ED.

"Did you see a fox?"

Only the Finest is Fine Enough for Christmas

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